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The Week.

If any one doubted that within the last five or six years the country has grown a good many times six years older, he might have been profited by observing the quiet and sensible way in which the national anniversary was celebrated. The national bird was never, we suppose, in better health, and his spirits were always good, but we think he gets less and less apt to sport himself in the empyrean. We did not even see him balance himself once over the frozen regions of the Arctic pole, though Mr. Seward undoubtedly has given him his passport. The South, of course, can hardly be expected to rejoice on any occasion when the North makes holiday, and this year, as last year, the labor of celebrating the day fell on the negroes and the military. But in Charleston Governor Orr gave General Sickles a state dinner, and there were national salutes and some military parades and some speech-making—to negroes mainly—at Montgomery, Richmond, Mobile, and New Orleans. In Richmond, however, General Schofield had to send a special order to compel the county courts to observe the day by adjourning.

The adjourned session of the Fortieth Congress met on Wednesday week. In the Senate the proceedings began with a protest from Mr. Sumner, who thought Congress had done wrong in providing that if a quorum should not be present on the 3d of July, the Houses should adjourn *sine die*. He was pronounced out of order, and then it was ascertained whether or not a quorum was in attendance. Thirty senators answered to their names, and nineteen were absent. Mr. Trumbull showed the needlessness of Mr. Sumner's protest, but it had at any rate made manifest Mr. Sumner's desire that the Senate should not confine itself strictly to Reconstruction business during this session. On Friday he found nine senators to agree with him, Mr. Anthony's limiting resolution being under discussion, but the vote against him was twenty-three. The debate was marked by a good deal of asperity—Mr. Fessenden, in particular, apparently having too little patience with Mr. Sumner's mode of speaking and a sort of petulant contempt for his ideas. Supplementary reconstruction bills were freely offered—Mr. Wilson, Mr. Drake, Mr. Edmunds, and Mr. Frelinghuysen each

bringing in one. Mr. Sumner offered his bill enforcing, by act of Congress, impartial suffrage throughout the length and breadth of the Union. Mr. Sumner also offered a confiscating resolution, declaring it the President's duty, in the exercise of the pardoning power, to make every landholder that he pardons share out a certain part of his estate among his former slaves. On Monday the various supplementary bills came back from the Judiciary Committee in the form of one bill. Information on Mexican affairs was called for by a resolution of Mr. Sumner's; and Mr. Sumner prevented a speech from Mr. Chandler in praise of the execution of Maximilian. On Tuesday Mr. Trumbull opened the debate on the new bill, but the only noteworthy result was the vote rejecting Mr. Wilson's amendment, vacating all civil offices at the South.

The House, by a decided vote, agreed to limit legislation at this adjourned session to Reconstruction measures. Its first business of importance was in reference to the Kentucky members. Some sweeping amendments of Mr. Logan's invention were substituted for an unobjectionable resolution of Mr. Schenck's. Mr. Schenck brought specific charges of disloyalty against Mr. J. D. Young. Mr. Logan demanded, and the House by a vote of 67 to 50 approved his views, that the entire delegation from Kentucky should be denied admission and the State deprived of representation in the House, till the Committee on Elections decide whether or not the people of Kentucky are loyal. On Friday Mr. Bingham denounced this action of the House, and Mr. Marshall of Illinois presented a protest from some of the rejected members, whereupon General Logan expressed his regret that "a representative of the proud old Prairie State" should do so. On Monday the Committee on Elections made a report which effectually disposed of the amendment of Mr. Logan, and the House authorized the committee to pass upon specific charges of disloyalty made against members. On Friday a new committee of nine on reconstruction, with Mr. Stevens, Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Bingham, and Mr. Brooks among its members, was appointed by the Speaker; and on Monday Mr. Stevens reported a supplementary bill, which is in some particulars different from the Senate bill, the two committees having worked separately, and their views being somewhat divergent. The House bill, for instance, gives no additional powers to General Grant. On Monday, the names of States being called for bills and joint resolutions, five or six about Mexican affairs were offered—those by the Republicans being favorable to the Juarez government, and those of one or two Western Republicans rejoicing without disguise in the execution of Maximilian. Messrs. James Brooks and Fernando Wood, of the Democrats, were bitter against the Liberals; Mr. Brooks wanting the neutrality laws repealed, that filibusters may go in and possess Mexico, and Mr. Wood wanting reparation for the insult to the American flag when Santa Anna was captured. Mr. Butler succeeded in passing resolutions authorizing him and four other members to investigate the murder of Mr. Lincoln. On Tuesday, under the previous question, the supplementary bill was passed by a vote of 110 to 31—the news of which comes too late for comment.

The proceedings in the Senate were marked by a curious debate as to the powers of party caucuses. It appears it was resolved by a majority vote in the Republican caucus that the Senate should confine itself strictly and exclusively to the work of amending, or rather explaining, the Reconstruction act. Mr. Sumner, who attended the caucus meeting, and who voted at it, refused, however, to be bound by its decision, and argued in favor of a long session, and of general legislation. On being reminded of his participation in the caucus, he justified repudiation of its authority by pleading the higher obligation of his position as Senator of the United States; and on being asked

what he would have said if the minority of the caucus had repudiated in like manner when he introduced his proposition in favor of universal suffrage, he maintained that there "was a difference between repudiating in favor of human rights and repudiating against them"—a doctrine which excited a good deal of merriment. Now the point where a senator's conscience ought to be set to work to instruct him as to the force of caucus decisions, is the moment of entering a caucus. It may not be consistent with a senator's duty to the country to allow a caucus to decide for him what course he shall follow in his seat, but any senator who thinks so is bound to keep out of caucuses altogether; when he goes into one and votes in it, he gives all other members present to understand that he will submit to the decision of the majority. If this understanding was not general, and had not the force of a mutual pledge, nobody would vote, and no caucuses would be held. Anybody who is present at such meetings secretly intending that, if he finds himself in the majority, he will exact compliance from the minority, but that if he find himself in the minority he will "repudiate," is simply guilty of a breach of faith, and a rather puerile one at that. There are many objections to legislative caucuses, but we do not see how they are to be dispensed with as long as there are no party leaders, as there are in the English House of Commons, whom the main body are expected to follow. As parties are organized here, it would never do to arrange plans of operations in the Senate or House in the presence and hearing of the enemy, and plans of operations must be arranged somehow before questions come up. But each member who wishes to act independently is bound in honor to abstain from taking part in the caucus deliberations, unless he announces at once his intention to preserve his liberty of action. Whether a man has or has not a right to "repudiate in favor of human rights," is, in another form, the old question of whether we may do evil that good may come; and we confess we know of no place in which Mr. Sumner will find very valuable support for his position outside the contributions of the Jesuit fathers to the science of casuistry.

Senator Wade's views on the distribution of property have excited much uproar, and his explanation having proved rather feeble, his friends, we are sorry to say, are resorting, as is not uncommon in such cases, to defamation of the correspondent of the *New York Times* who reported the unfortunate speech. Fortunately for the correspondent, however, the report was three days in the hands of the excursion party before any exception was taken to it, and its correctness was and is still acknowledged by the most accurate of Mr. Wade's audience. We may add our personal testimony that the correspondent in question is not an ordinary concocter of sensational news but a man who knows what words mean, and who both listens and writes with a more than usual zeal and conscientiousness. The matter, however, is mainly important after all as showing the necessity of bringing public opinion into play with greater force than ever before for the restraining and chastening of thoughtless and bumptious orators, especially when they are in as high a political position as Mr. Wade is. There was a time in American history when idle words, no matter from whom they fell, were sure to be harmless, but that time has passed away. A large mass of our population at present does not possess the critical power of the primeval Yankee.

The conduct of the elder Bradley, one of Surratt's lawyers, who assaulted Judge Fisher because some of the judge's really too mild rebukes seemed to him not sufficiently respectful to himself as counsel, has passed with little animadversion from the press, and none at all from the bench which he insulted so grossly or the bar whose character he has shamefully lowered wherever the report of the trial goes. Judge Fisher appears to be as unable to protect his own dignity as to protect the witnesses whom he sees abused in what he himself calls an unexampled manner. The case for the prosecution is closed, and the defence has begun. Surratt's counsel expect to prove an alibi in his favor, and profess to be able to clear up all the things which look now most damaging to the prisoner. His leaving his mother to be hanged will be shown to have been due not to any want of honor or natural affection, but to the fact that he was kept perfectly secluded by the Canadian priests with whom he took refuge, and got no news at all of the world outside. Weichman's testimony is to be wholly discredited, and the

innocence of Mrs. Surratt made plain; Sergeant Dye is to be shown mistaken in regard to its being Surratt who called the time in the vestibule of the theatre, and a reasonable explanation of why the time was called is to be given. Of more interest than the other promises of the counsel for the defence—for the public care more about getting a full history of the assassination plot than about the life or death of Surratt—is the promise to produce in evidence the language of a confessing and justificatory letter, written by Booth for publication in *The National Intelligencer*, and signed by Atzerodt, Payne, Harold, and Booth himself. If there ever was such a letter—and it would have been quite Booth's way to have written it—it is by no means unlikely that the brutal and fanatical Payne, the half-witted boy Harold, the stupid Atzerodt, could have been got to sign it. But Surratt appears to be rather an over-cautious than a foolhardy man, though he did freely deal in insinuations and innuendoes in his talk with McMillan when he thought himself safe. The friends of Mudd and Spangler—the latter not improbably a much-injured man—will be particularly interested in this letter, and not much inclined to pardon Matthews for so long concealing his knowledge of it. Matthews, to make the story more probable, is said to be a gross coward.

The captain-general of Cuba issued, June 6, a fresh proclamation against the slave-trade, which it is to be hoped may be as effective as it is sweeping in its denunciation of penalties. When we read, however, that *all* the authorities of any district which has been the scene of a debarkation of negroes, or has afforded them passage, shall be deprived of office instantaneously, besides being made amenable to the laws, we perceive the extent of official corruption that has hitherto shielded the proscribed traffic, and the small probability that it will be eradicated by the stringent measure now adopted. In any other country, the immediate implication of the judiciary in what must have been the original fault of the military or naval forces, would seem to be monstrous; in Cuba, the army, the navy, and the judges have undoubtedly fattened together on the profits of negro importations. It remains to be seen whether any of them will be tempted by the fear of punishment to inform on each other, and thus secure the immunity which is held out by the captain-general.

The *New York Times* charges us in very strong terms with injustice, and worse than injustice, toward the "Associated Press," for having made it responsible for the ridiculous Cable telegrams, giving an account of the military review at Satory, the Ascot Races, and the Pontifical High Mass, on which we have recently commented with some severity. *The Times* says that all these "were the special despatches of a single paper, which is entitled to all the credit, as it is responsible for all the discredit, which may belong to them." It is hardly necessary to say that we have no malevolent feelings towards the Associated Press. It would be as difficult for us to dislike it as to dislike the Equator or the Great Bear. Its agent in Europe, too, is to us simply an abstraction—like the Bloated Aristocrat, the Haughty Tyrant, the Malignant Copperhead, the Genial Critic, the Gentleman and Scholar, the Prominent Citizen, the Rising Young Lawyer, or any of the other types of the newspaper world. Whenever more than one of "the great dailies" publish the same despatch, it may not, technically speaking, come from the "Associated Press;" but then, as regards the public, the papers which publish it are "associated" *ad hoc*, and it is not unfair to charge the discredit of it—if discredit it brings—on the whole body. The practice, we believe, prevails amongst the morning papers of selling each other "special despatches;" but then, as long as each journal which buys these despatches publishes them as if they were its own, we cannot allow all but the vendors to repudiate the responsibility of them. The ridiculous Cable telegram about the ladies' clothes at the Ascot Races appeared in *The Times* and *Herald* of June 7. The ridiculous telegram about the review at Satory, and announcing that "the entire press of Paris were unanimous in condemning" the attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia, appeared in *The Times*, *Herald*, *World*, and *Tribune* of June 8. The ridiculous telegram describing the emotion of some weak-minded newsmonger on witnessing the elevation of the Host in St. Peter's the other day, appeared in *The Herald* of June 28, in *The Times* of June 30 and July 1, and in *The World* of July 1. In all these cases the news was headed simply "Cable Telegrams," or "Advices by Ocean Tele-

graph." What, therefore, becomes of *The Times'* assertion that they were "the special despatches of a single paper?" Perhaps they were originally, but every paper that bought them, and published them in leaded type, became "associated" in the responsibility for them. *The Times* has earned honorable distinction, whatever its political errors may be, by its love of common sense and accuracy, and steady opposition to the great humbugs of the day; but we are bound to say that in the matter of Cable telegrams it has, ever since the great "special telegram" of *The Tribune* last spring, announcing the despatch of an abusive and insulting letter by Bismark to Louis Napoleon, been surpassed in discretion by its usually wilder and more sensational neighbor. We think it must acknowledge now, that in our comments on Cable news, in the instances we have cited, we have not only "aimed to be both truthful and just," but have actually succeeded in being both one and the other.

We see the Pennsylvania papers persist in calling Thaddeus Stevens "a commoner" and "a great commoner." As we remarked when commenting on this practice of theirs some months ago, every relative must have a correlative, and if Mr. Stevens be a "commoner" there must be noblemen somewhere in the Union, and as they are not visible to the public the order must be a secret one, and we solemnly call on that great revealer of things hidden, General Butler, to go to work at this mystery. If there be noblemen amongst us, they ought to show themselves or be dragged to light. It is absurd for those who style Mr. Stevens "a great commoner" to tell us we are mistaken and that there are no nobles "in our midst." Suppose Mr. Stevens were known amongst his neighbors as "The Dutiful Son," would anybody believe that he had no parents or had never had them?

By the middle of October the iron horse will be mounting the rugged sides of the Rocky Mountains, so the Jacksonville *Journal* says, and startling the genii of the mountains from the slumber of ages. The editor thinks then it would be a fine thing if two, or say three hundred editors from all parts of the country should join in an excursion to the western terminus of "the grandest achievement of the age." The various railroad companies would be sure to give free passes, he thinks, and we dare say he is right; but he is lamentably wrong when he offers us this bewitching inducement in a circular: "or, if the Indians should continue belligerent, we might join General Sherman on a short expedition, and each be allowed to take and bring away a trophy of valor in the shape of the scalp of a red-skin." If the editor of this journal makes one of the party, he will insist, in the interest of humanity and civilization, that the editor of the Jacksonville *Journal* be allowed to go no further than Omaha, or at the very farthest Fort Kearney.

We print elsewhere a letter from a lady in reply to Dr. Lieber, which, as a piece of intellectual fence, is sufficiently remarkable, we think, to make him doubt whether a rule which excludes all women from the franchise can be defended on any better ground than taste. We question very much if many male readers of his pamphlet could have found so many weak spots in his armor, and have inserted in them so trenchant a blade. We commend the performance, too, as a model to the prominent female champions of woman's rights; and we venture to assure them that when any respectable number of them are able to handle their weapons nearly as well as this writer, tyrant man will fairly begin to tremble in his stronghold. At present, we fear he feels and talks very much as Suetonius talked and felt when he saw Boadicea and her hosts forming for battle. What this general said, on that occasion, can be learnt on application to Mr. Banks, Mr. Bingham, or any rising Congressman.

The riots at Birmingham are shown by the fuller accounts brought by the last mails to have been, as we ventured to conjecture when the first telegrams were received, although anti-Catholic in form, in reality anti-Irish. The Catholics, who are all Irish, rose to put down a ranting and abusive Protestant lecturer, who called the Pope "the greatest rag-and-

bone grubber in the world." And after they had for sometime had everything their own way, and had overpowered the police, the English working-men rose, joined the police, and went into the fray with cudgels, singing "John Brown," and put down the Irish, as Irish, and not as Catholics—the artisan class in England having really at the present day very little of the "no-papery" feeling, but detesting the Irish, of whom there is a large body in all the manufacturing towns, very cordially. The result was that the Irish quarter was sacked, and many of the inmates badly beaten, though we hear of very little, if any, loss of life. The Irish colonies—for colonies they really are—in the large English towns are made miserable by much the same causes which render them such a troublesome element in the city population of this country—their own aggressiveness, readiness to resort to force, and total want of faith in all moral agencies for the redress of grievances, or the spread of opinions. The cudgel is at once their panacea and palladium.

The English trades unions cut a sorry figure in the investigations recently conducted at Sheffield before a Government commission of enquiry. The commission was issued in consequence of the strenuous applications of the trades unions to be made legal corporations, capable of enforcing payment of dues and obedience to their rules and regulations. This, of course, raised the question of the morality of the organizations and of their fitness to be recognized by the State or armed with legal authority; and some shocking outrages, such as the blowing-up with gunpowder, perpetrated a year ago or more at Sheffield upon traitors or enemies of the Saw-grinders' Union, naturally led to the selection of that place as most likely to furnish a crucial test. In order to enable the commission to get at the truth, it was armed with the extraordinary power of granting a full pardon to anybody who might make the required revelations. The result was that two men confessed that they had murdered a man named Linley with an air-gun, simply because "he employed a lot of lads in the trade," and that they had been hired by the secretary of the union to do it, and the secretary himself confessed that he was in the habit of using the funds of the association to procure the perpetration of similar atrocities. The scene in court, when these revelations were made, was one of the most extraordinary ever witnessed in a civilized country; the witnesses were almost in a state of frenzy, and the audience was wrought up by the sight of their convulsions and the terrible nature of their story to a pitch of excitement little short of their own. The evidence will probably be used energetically against the legalization of the unions, but hardly successfully. People feel that a system cannot be judged by its abuses, and that it is perhaps the absence of legal recognition which tempts the unions to the use of violent means of enforcing their rules.

The English House of Lords has been so frightened by the recent attacks on it that its sessions are now attended by a considerable number of peers. The "scare" has apparently been most effective amongst the bishops, probably because they feel that their risks are what insurance companies call "extra-hazardous." There is talk of a committee on proxies with a view to their abolition, and this, if the alarm be kept up by the newspapers, will very probably be accomplished. One reason assigned for the small attendance and the extreme rarity of debate is the practice indulged in by Lord Derby and other elderly peers of snubbing the young ones whenever they attempt by making speeches to protract the discussion beyond the dinner hour. Lord Shaftesbury proposes to remedy this evil by meeting an hour earlier in the afternoon, at four instead of at five, so as to give the younger men a chance to be heard without subjecting their elders to inconvenience. But then it is very doubtful whether any young peer would ever be able to do himself justice after six o'clock, with the uneasiness and anxiety of his seniors increasing visibly as the minutes passed by. Many peers have come forward to the defence of the House by alleging the vanity of much speaking, and urging the abstinence of the lords from discussion as in reality a proof of their efficiency. The probabilities are that with the prospect of a reformed House of Commons staring them in the face, there will be a revival amongst their lordships and a period at least of zeal and attention to business.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have in preparation a collection of the poems of Mr. Theodore Tilton, editor of *The Independent*, to be styled "The Sexton's Tale, and Other Poems." This is, we believe, the first time these works have been brought together.—D. Appleton & Co. announce more than a score more of the works of Louisa Mühlbach, of whose historical novels they have already published a large number. Mrs. Mundt is the real name of this voluminous author, whose works are very well adapted for the more sober readers of circulating library literature, the moral tone of them being exceptionally good, the history as historical as is necessary, and the story reasonably interesting. Her husband, Theodore Mundt, is a writer of more ability, who, we believe, works generally in the same field from which his wife has got so many crops, and six of his stories also are announced by the Appletons. "Mirabeau" is the title of one of them, "Robespierre" of another, "Mendoza" of another. Mrs. Mundt seems to have taken for her province the history of Germany and its various states, France, and England. Three more German historical novelists are on the Appletons' list, one being A. E. Brachvogel, the author of the play of "Narcisse," in which Mr. Daniel Bandmann used to play before American audiences. "Hamlet" and "Rizzio" are the two works of his which are announced, and, though they are not considered his best books, they are held in higher esteem than the works of the Mundts. Max Ring, author of "John Milton and His Time," and Theodore Mütge, author of "Tous-saint l'Ouverture" and "Charles First and Cromwell," are the other two of the three referred to above. It will be found that Messrs. Appleton & Co., in beginning their German novelists with Louisa Mühlbach, did not begin with anything like the best contemporary German writer of this sort of literature. It is not at all unlikely that Baron Tauchnitz's new series of English translations of German authors will include the best books of the best of the writers above mentioned. It ought to include, also, one would say, a specimen or two of the performances of Theodore Gerstaecker, an amusing story-teller, rather of the geographical than the historical order, whose novel, entitled "Among the Pénchuenches," a Chilian story, closes these new announcements of the Appletons. The books will, of course, be a long time in appearing.—G. W. Carleton & Co. announce for republication Frank Buckland's "Fish Hatching and the Artificial Culture of Fish," and another work by Dr. Cumming.—We have already stated that the "Harvard Memorial Biographies" is to be published in a new form by Messrs. Sever & Francis, of Cambridge, for the committee of publication. The work will be sold at a price which will barely cover the cost of manufacture. The same house will issue an enlarged edition, which will also be a revised one, of Mr. William Everett's "On the Cam."—Messrs. A. Simpson & Co. announce their intention to publish the collection of slave-songs described in *THE NATION* of May 30, provided they meet sufficient encouragement to do so. The book will be handsomely printed, and will probably not exceed \$1 75 in cost, while a considerable reduction will be made to those taking several copies. Orders may be sent to the above firm at 60 Duane Street, N. Y. city.—Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son announce "The Works of Daniel S. Dickinson," edited by his brother, Mr. John R. Dickinson.

—There are in England several journals conducted in the interest of co-operation, as *The Co-operator*, which is under the editorial charge of Mr. Henry Pitman, a brother of the well-known phonographer; *The Friendly Societies' Journal*, edited by Mr. James Horsey; and *The Industrial Partnership Record*, edited by Mr. E. O. Greening. Of French papers devoted to the discussion of the same subject we have seen one, *La Co-opération*, and we believe there are several others; and there are a good many German publications, notably that one managed by Mr. Schulze-Delitzsch. In this country we have heard of a similar paper written and published by some co-operative workmen in St. Louis, but we have never seen it and have heard of it but vaguely. It is to be supposed, then, that a new enterprise of Messrs. Leopoldt & Holt, a firm which seems to have taken in charge the literary interests of co-operation in America, will be useful to the working-man and the community at large. These gentlemen propose to draw from the various sources at their command the material for a series of cheap co-operative tracts, and among other articles will publish a series of prize essays that have been contributed to *The Co-operator* by certain English authors.

—Of lately published English books to be seen at Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co.'s, we mention a few: "The Common Sense of English Orthography" is a thin little volume written by Mr. E. Jones, and commended by Professor Max Müller, Professor Bosworth, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, Dr.

Thirlwall, and many other gentlemen of less reputation as philologists. Of course, it is only the wretched Dean Alford, whose native haunt seems to be the horns of dilemmas, who appears under this description: "Either he has made a perfectly wilful assertion contrary to fact, or he is ignorant of one of the commonest points in relation to the subject on which he so dogmatically writes." Mr. Jones wishes to simplify English orthography; while he believes the phonetic system of spelling is not at present to be adopted, he scoffs at the purism of the etymological school. He would strike out the *u* in such words as "honour" and "saviour," and the *e* in words like "moveable;" he would change *z* to *s* in words like "realize;" he would strike out one *l* in words like "traveller;" he would write *er* in place of *re* in words of the class of "theatre" and "calibre;" *ed* in the termination of the past tense and past participles of verbs he would change to *t*, except in certain specified cases, as, for example, when the *e* is necessary to show that the preceding vowel is long, or when the verb ends in *d*, or when it ends in *ge*. The book is clearly written, and, no doubt, "marshals us the way that we are going"—the way, in fact, that we in this country have already, to a great extent, gone. Sidney's "Arcadia" has been sacrilegiously touched by Mr. Hain Friswell—the Hain Friswell of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," we suppose—who apparently thinks that people who will not read the work in its original form, will read it if it is shortened and otherwise amended. But, we dare say, Mr. Friswell will not get the thanks of the general reader, and, we are sure, he deserves small thanks from the class of readers who are at all likely to care anything for the "Arcadia." John Timbs's "Nooks and Corners of English Life, Past and Present," may be properly described as consisting of pictures of the domestic manners of our forefathers at some of the most attractive periods of English history. "Oxford Lent Sermons" is a volume containing a short introduction by the Bishop of Oxford, and sermons preached at Oxford in 1866 by eight or ten divines, among whose names we see those of Dr. Pusey and H. L. Mansel. The theme of the discourses of 1865 was the strife of the Church with the evils and corruptions of this world; of these sermons of 1866 the theme is the strife of the Church with the bands of spiritual beings arrayed in hostility to it. Professor Mansel preached on the words of St. John—"He that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning"—and explained to his hearers "the conflict and defeat in Eden." "Synonyms and Antonyms" (counterwords) is the title of a volume just added to "Bohn's Philological Library." It is the work of C. J. Smith, M.A., late Archdeacon of Jamaica, and is a book of synonyms arranged on a new principle—words of opposite as well as words of like meaning being given under each heading. "An Outline of the Early Jewish Church from a Christian Point of View" is written by the Rev. Mr. S. C. Malan, and is "intended only for general readers, and among them for those alone who believe the Bible, and who therefore require neither tradition, research, nor wisdom of words to help their faith in the Scripture of Truth." Admiral Sir Adolphus Slade's (Mushaver Pacha's) book is entitled "Turkey and the Crimean War: a Narrative of Historical Events." "The Pyrenees: a Description of Summer Life at French Watering-Places," is by Henry Blackburn, who some time since wrote a very fair book of Spanish travel. Of this book the chief value, in the estimation of most people, will be its pictures and illustrations, which are by Gustave Doré. The artist illustrates everything, so it is not surprising, but it is a little amusing, to see from his hand a picture meant to interpret that beautiful stanza of Herbert's, which, had Herbert known the New England Plantations, one would say he wrote on an Indian summer's day. The

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,"

forms the subject of a picture anything but felicitous.—The numerous namesakes of Gulielma Maria Springett and Thomas Ellwood, who belong to a generation of Friends not yet aged but probably nearly extinct, will be glad to meet here also Maria Webb's book on "The Penns and Peningtons in the Seventeenth Century in their Domestic and Religious Life, illustrated by Original Family Letters; also Incidental Notices of their friend Thomas Ellwood, with some of his Unpublished Verses."

—One of the most important of new English books is Mr. Lewes's "History of Philosophy"—which may properly be called a new book, it contains so much more matter than the "Biographical History of Philosophy," which appeared ten years ago (1857), in one octavo volume, containing the four pocket volumes of the edition of 1845. Much that is wholly new has been added, and of the old articles many have been amended, some have been rewritten wholly, and some have been rewritten in part, so that the author says in his preface, "My readers of twenty years ago will hardly recognize the 'Biographical History of Philosophy.'" The chronological range of the work is still the same—"from Thales to Comte"—

and though there are changes in style and enlargements of various sorts, there are no changes in doctrine; the author adhered to the positive philosophy in 1845, and he adheres to it to-day, and believes fully that the faithful student of it will find it "a doctrine which will give unity to his life." There is at any rate little doubt that, setting aside these large expectations, a student will find in it the philosophy which is to be for an indefinite period in the future most influential, and there is no doubt, we suppose, that in Mr. Lewes's book the comparative merits of the positive and other systems of philosophy may be found clearly and fairly enough set forth. In this edition the "Introduction" of the first and second editions is replaced by a "Prolegomena," in which are discussed, "What is Philosophy?" "The Objective and Subjective Methods," "The Test of Truth," "Some Infirmities of Thought," "Necessary Truths." The chapters on Plato and Aristotle have been rewritten; the chapters entitled "Scholasticism," "Arabian Philosophy," and "Roger Bacon," are entirely new; the chapters on Francis Bacon, Descartes, Leibnitz, Condillac, and Hartley have been rewritten; the chapter on Spinoza has been rewritten, and there have been added to it some new biographical details, which we suppose are contained in the very interesting article on Spinoza, from Mr. Lewes's pen, which was published some time ago in *The Fortnightly Review*; Kant Mr. Lewes has restudied, in order to the preparation of this book, and he says of Hegel that the estimate of that philosopher formerly expressed by him is unchanged, and that he had hoped to make some reply to the challenge given by Mr. Stirling in his recent work, but was prevented by the failure of his health. We are sorry to say that we see no indication of the republication of the book in this country. The old edition was published by the Appletons, who are said to decline giving the author further compensation for this new edition. But this is rather a new book than a new edition of an old one, and it is much to be wished that, if Messrs. Appleton & Co. do not, some other publishers will put the work before the American public.

—Emile de Girardin advertises *La Liberté* "as an American newspaper naturalized." Any one asked to guess the resemblance which is here suggested would probably seek for it in that freedom of speech which has brought its editor twice before the courts, and twice cost him a considerable fine and the ill-favor of the Government. M. Girardin has even gone so far as that on a recent occasion, when entertaining at his house the representatives of the foreign press in Paris, he toasted Queen Victoria, "who governs a free country," but urged the postponement of a reciprocal toast to the Emperor "till after the complete restoration of liberties." But we have not mentioned the quality which in his mind connects *La Liberté* with *The Tribune*, *The Post*, and the rest. "No Parisian journal," runs the advertisement before us, "has a greater variety of contents, or more extensive and reliable correspondence. *C'est le journal américain naturalisé.*"

—A work which might almost be one of a species is the "Culturhistorisch-politische Studie" of Dr. v. H—st, published by Engelmann at Leipzig, which treats of the effect upon the development of civilization in Russia of the attempted assassination of the Emperor by Karakosoff, April 4, 1866. The thesis is that this crime produced a reaction in the mind of the government in reference to national education, and altered abruptly and unfortunately the shape that the new reforms were taking. Had the author waited a little he might have predicted the consequences, for Russia or for Poland, of Berezowski's recent attempt on the same monarch in Paris—the assassin, by the way, bought his weapon on the *Boulevard de Sébastopol*, through which street courtesy forbade that the imperial guest should be conducted on his arrival. Incidentally Dr. v. H—st conveys a good deal of valuable information about the present state of Russia. It is left for some one else to trace the results of the attempt on Francis Joseph in 1853, of young Blind's idle shooting at Bismark, of Orsini's bombs, etc., etc. From all these examples the same inference will be drawn without straining, that they only confirmed the *régime* which they sought to overthrow. Nor could any other lesson be educed from the Booth conspiracy, which from its success would perhaps be ruled out of the foregoing category, as it certainly would from its motives; but there would be a wide field for speculating upon what would be the present relations of the South to the Union if Mr. Lincoln had survived the 14th of April.

—A well-known art critic of Munich has just put forth the first volume of a new life of Raphael ("Raphael: von Ernst Foerster." I. Band. Leipzig, 1867), adorned with a fine steel engraving of the great painter's self-executed portrait at Florence. The book opens with an historical sketch of the times in which Raphael lived, and then proceeds to his biography, enumerating his works as far as they are pertinent to the narrative. Next follows a dis-

tingent review of his works, which the author divides, according to their subjects, into three periods. A chronological catalogue is placed at the end of the volume. The second or last volume will contain a continuation of the review. —Two of the three volumes of Prof. Ebertz's compendium of the early history of Prussia ("Geschichte des Preussischen Staates bis zum Regierungsantritt Friedrichs des Grossen") have appeared, and extend to the year 1740. Especially interesting, though complicated enough, is the account of the founding of the now powerful state on the plains of the "Mark" between the Weser, the Elbe, and the Oder. Here we may trace the rise of the Zollern family, of Swabian origin, who are now the ruling house of Prussia, and for whom a fresh career seems opened on the Lower Danube. It is a curious fact that Rudolf von Habsburg's elevation to the throne of the German empire was chiefly due to the recommendation and support of his relative, Count Albrecht von Hohenzollern-Hohenberg.

—"Poesias de la America meridional, con noticias biograficas" is the title of a neat little book, the twenty-second volume of the "Coleccion de Autores Españoles," published by Brockhaus, at Leipzig. It is divided under the following heads: Religion, Naturaleza, Juventud Amor y Amistad, Dolor, Romances, Poesia jocosa. A South American anthology has long been a desideratum among those whose reading has included the poetry of the Hispano-American populations, and who have discovered in it great beauties and still greater promise. Collections similar to that of which this volume is the latest part have also been published by Brockhaus, from the works of modern Portuguese, Italian, Polish, and Russian authors. Mr. L. W. Schmidt is the New York agent for the German house.

ON THE HEIGHTS.*

In spite of the somewhat heavy and ungraceful translation in which it is presented to American readers, "On the Heights" is a very charming novel. It depicts modes of life entirely different from our own, but these are treated so simply and the book is kept throughout so low in tone, to borrow a phrase from the studios, that the inevitable strangeness of a foreign novel is, in this case, a thing understood rather than felt. The characters also belong to uncommon types, but are, nevertheless, very genuinely true to human nature. They are distinctly individualized without presenting any of those sharp contrasts which offend the artistic sense in ordinary novels, and have, moreover, a certain reserved force, as though they came into existence before the book which introduces them to our notice, and would continue to live after their peculiarities had ceased to interest us. They are, of course, thoroughly German; somewhat slow in movement, susceptible to ideas, and quite capable of being moved by them even in the midst of passion.

The scene of a great portion of the book is laid in a German court, and the story hinges upon the illicit passion of the king and the Countess Irma von Wildenort. There is, however, none of the mire through which readers are ordinarily dragged in stories of this sort. The whole thing is translated from the region of passion into that of thought, and the severe morality of the book, deriving its sanctions from the intellect instead of the creeds, is rather Pagan than Christian. That is to say, it suggests Shakespeare's line,

"They say best men are mounded of their faults,"

and forces upon us the theory that not innocence but nobleness is the highest moral state.

We do not wish to do this book the injustice of telling its story in a hasty and necessarily imperfect manner, and shall merely indicate its main current, in order to speak intelligibly of the thought which underlies it, and honorably distinguishes it from the rank and file of recent novels. The story turns, then, as we have said, upon the requited love of the king for a maid of honor to his queen, a woman not only as young and beautiful as her rival, but even equally beloved by her husband. She is, however, a woman full of romantic feeling, and lives habitually on heights of sentiment and enthusiasm which the king finds slightly fatiguing. Irma, on the other hand, has a charming vivacity, a fine and untrammelled intellect, and an aversion to all laws but those of her own nature, which make her attractive by contrast with the queen, and doubly so by sympathy with the king, whose individuality seems to him also the most precious of his possessions. For Irma the queen has an admiring friendship, which is threatened at one time by suspicions concerning the nature of her relations with the king, but which is strengthened when suspicion is lulled by observation of their

* "On the Heights." By B. Auerbach. Translated by F. E. Bennett. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.

unembarrassed manner toward each other. At last, however, an anonymous letter from the court informs Count Eberhard, the father of Irma, of his daughter's ruin. A stroke of paralysis results from the shock, and Irma is summoned to his bedside. Unable to speak, he traces on her forehead with his dying finger a word which sets her degradation before her in so overwhelming a light that, convulsed with shame and grief, she resolves upon suicide. Letters sent her by the king and queen, urging her return to court, only strengthen her resolution, and she confesses to the queen and takes leave of the king in replies which, as they are short and characteristic, we may as well quote:

"QUEEN: I expiate my guilt with death. Forgive and forget."

"IRMA."

And to the King:

"MY FRIEND: I address you for the last time. We are treading a false way, a terribly false one. I expiate my guilt. You do not belong to yourself. You belong to her and to your whole state. You must expiate in life, I in death. Compose yourself; agree with the law which binds you to her and to the community. You have denied both; and I—I have helped you to do so. Our life, our love, has brought upon you a terrible fate. You could no longer be true to yourself. You must again become so, and that entirely. Dying, I impress this on you, and I die gladly if you will abide by my entreaty. Everlasting nature knows that we did not wish to sin; but it was so. My judgment is written on my brow; inscribe thine in thine heart and live anew. Everything is still before you. I receive the kiss of eternity from death. Hear this voice and forget it not! but forget her who calls to you. I wish for no remembrance."

These letters throw a bomb-shell into the midst of the king's domestic arrangements. The queen had long been the only person at court who was unaware of the true state of things, and she had been kept from the knowledge only by her own purity and her confidence in that of others. Her anger and contempt for those who have violated her trust are doubly bitter for this reason. She upbraids the king with the deceit practised on her, and declaring that his guilt and Irma's death must always remain a barrier between them, lives thereafter in a state of virtual separation from him.

Irma, however, is not dead. Almost at the moment when about to accomplish her design of suicide, she was saved by Walpurga, a peasant woman who had lived for a year in the palace as nurse to the crown prince. Walpurga is a charming character, full of naïveté and goodness, and some of the most delightful writing in the book concerns her and her household belongings. With her Irma lives on a farm in the mountains for four years, occupying her time in carving on wood, and her thoughts in speculating on the problem of her existence. The results of the latter occupation are given in a journal kept by her, which forms the most remarkable portion of the novel. Its peculiarity is, that it takes the question of sin out of the domain of conscience, and finds its significance without referring it to arbitrary standards. The results are practically the same as those achieved by the lesser moralists of the religious novels; but the processes by which they are obtained have the great advantage of having been conducted on universal principles. In this journal is also enunciated distinctly the thought which is the key-note of the book—that the highest culture of the individual demands his subordination to society, that true freedom is found only in obedience to law. The theme of sin and expiation is one constantly recurring in fiction; but we remember no instance in which it is treated on grounds so lofty. We all know how Hawthorne used it—the positive form in which evil appeared to him, and the terrible immortality with which he endowed it. His books, therefore, notwithstanding their artistic power, are utterly morbid and depressing. Like his own Hester Prynne, we chafe and grow rebellious under the too heavy yoke imposed upon us. Mr. Auerbach, on the contrary, does not outrage the individual, although he rigidly circumscribes his individuality. His heroine, voluntarily shut out for years from all companionship with her equals and all intercourse with books; with the memory of her sin always before her, and saying to herself, "I will quietly bear the consequences of my actions alone by myself, looking for no material or spiritual help from without," has the rare courage to contemplate things as they are, and arrives at last at a state which is neither resignation nor despair, but a calm serenity in which the outworn consequences of the past drop from her, and she has a right to say: "Whatever may have happened, it is atoned for. There is a renewal of life, a deliverance achieved out of ourselves."

Perhaps a novel teaching a lesson like this is necessarily a result from a wider culture than that which English and American novelists have attained. When these latter are moral they are apt to be Puritanical, and when they exhibit a tendency to become philosophical their liberalism usually degenerates into license. But Mr. Auerbach's novel is conceived in the sphere of pure ideas; it is at once delicate and strong, daring and yet profoundly ap-

preciative of limitations. How justly, for instance, is the question of culture touched in this passage:

"I cannot regard work as the highest prerogative of man. The noble man is he who is idle, who cherishes and nourishes himself and develops himself; thus do the gods live, and man is the god of the creation."

"This is my heresy. I have confessed it. But in the chair of confession there sits another being, and he is right when he says: Well, my child, to do nothing—merely to be here—that would be the worthiest and sublimest. Very right. But as no man can be here without another working for him, then each must also work. All must be satisfied. None are here merely for the sake of being, nor others merely for the sake of working."

The following paragraph, with which we close alike our notice and our quotations from this novel, inevitably suggests the fatal defect which marred the peculiar genius and varied culture of Henry Thoreau, and is the most searching criticism on the thought implied in such a life and such work as his:

"We cannot be subjects to nature alone. He who obeys his law of nature has no share in the historical world, no heritage; for him no one has lived before him, no one has prepared, as it were, his existence; his whole nature is born with him, and with him it dies. He who obeys the law of nature alone, and persuades himself that he is doing right, is a denier of humanity; he denies that there is a history of the human race of which he alone is not the only representative, but which was before him and is without him. The denier of humanity is, in spite of all varnish, only a savage; he stands without. Everything which he does and produces and enjoys, connected with culture, he has stolen; he should sing no song but the natural effusion of his own voice; like the bird, which brings with him into the world his plumage and his song, having no especial garb and no especial melody, for all in him is species, all is the law of nature."

MR. HEWETT, MRS. GAGE, AND OTHERS.*

WHEN small fruits, jams, and other sweet things are handed about for adult acceptance, a man has it feelingly brought home to him that he is further off from heaven than when he was a boy. Then it is that he finds, and sighs to find, that his coffee, his cayenne, his olives, his fish-sauce, his soda-water, his wines, and his bitter beers—all the sad stages in his progress "from the caster to the gutter," to use the acrid phrase of a certain social reformer—have taken from him his ability to enjoy the natural, simple delights of the unsophisticated palate. But now and again it happens that habit falls from him; once in a while, though but for a moment, nature reasserts herself; he deliberately goes backwards to assorted candies, he fills his mouth with the goodness of honey, and the cloying sweetness is in itself delicious, and also sweetly for an instant it recalls his days of callow greenness. The reader of the first poem on our list will get from its perusal a pleasure quite similar to this that we have mentioned. It is only necessary to forget a little and do a little violence on one's self and Mr. Hewett's poetry becomes a thing of joy. For example, if a man will but remember the days of his youth, it is not at all hard to take delight in this sort of a description of a banquet at Washington, D. C.:

"High at the board where thickest was the glee
Sat Rudiger, the wildest reveller,
The redolent Muscadine was in his train."

And it recalls one's early, golden visions of department clerks and special correspondents to read this, which is how they do it at a later stage of the same banquet:

"Now shouted one 'Unto his lady each
A bumper pour!' And whispered he who sat
By Rudiger, his closest friend, 'Begin,
As fit, with hers, thy dainty Adelaide's.'"

But let us begin at the beginning, and tell intelligibly what Mr. Hogg would call "the sum total of the whole." Rudiger, who is a Pennsylvanian or New Jerseyman by birth, is a pallid student and a poet and a votary of fame—particularly a votary of fame:

"That steadfast soul
Spurned all for fame, throttled his pleading heart,
And flung the violated victim on
The shrine of his devotion and his life.
He crushed that bosom, with relentless heel,
On which love's most luxurious feast he'd held."

And all for posthumous renown. What he studies we are not specifically told; but he is in the habit of sitting up all night over tomes. Seven days in the week the aureate dawn looks in at the casement of his boarding-house, and makes pale his taper as he peruses olden lore, his brow rimmed with a thoughtful glory. As a poet, he is of the order which may be de-

* "The Votary: A Narrative Poem. By James D. Hewett." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.

"Ellen: A Poem for the Times." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.

"Poems. By Mrs. Frances Dana Gage." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

"Peace, and Other Poems. By John J. White." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

scribed as hot and strong. In his capacity of votary of fame we have spoken of him just above, but for the story's sake we add a word more. In his thirst for the airy phantom he leaves the haunts of his childhood, and becomes the private secretary of one of Columbia's leading sons, whose residence is at the national capital. In his native Pennsylvania lived a maid who loved our Rudiger, and in return he loved the maid with all the warmth of his passionate post-nature. "Give me thy lips" he more than once says:

"Give me thy lips! Thy moon-gilt hair floats o'er
Thine ivory neck; those swimming violet orbs,
Great lakes of love in which I'd freely dip.
Again thy lips! Thy moist palm thrills to mine."

But his love of fame carries him to Washington. The senator or representative into whose service he enters, when he leaves his home and his Sybilla, has a queenly daughter, got up, if we may use the expression, "regardless of expense" both in dress and in personal appearance. Her sumptuous form was clad in emerald silk one morning when she called upon Rudiger at his room:

"An India shawl fell lightly from a neck
And shoulders statuesquely beautiful;
Her radiant face and splendid hazel eyes,
Full of fine crystal gleams, were softened by
A snowy veil of rarest frost-work lace."

And thus to the private secretary spake the ox-eyed queen:

"Sir Student! fair good morrow," said she, "I
Am peeping in to get a glimpse of this
Dull oyster here. Nay, shrink not in thy shell.
Wilt thou to church with me?"

They go to church, and in the pew are joined by the statesman, Adelaide's father, who points out to Rudiger the new poet, who, as he says:

"Doth away the fickle fancy of the world,
That fragile youth
With the pale, swarthy face and lustrous eyes."

Adelaide, during the morning service, repeats to her companion a tale of fiery love which she had read in this young man's volume:

"A tale of passion of a maid who loved
A youth who knew it not, but, too, himself
Loved her with wild idolatry."

The application of the story is plain; the selfish statesman sees his account in an alliance with the young eagle Rudiger, and by-and-by the fortunate young man, who, meantime, has got a commission as Indian agent or post-master, or secretary to a Senate committee, through the fascinating influence of the Lady Adelaide, forgets his early love, Sybilla, and marries the haughty daughter of the senator or representative. Sybilla, of course, dies, but, of course, not till after writing from Pennsylvania a reproachful but forgiving letter. This missive falls into the hands of Adelaide:

"The post arrived, and unto Adelaide
By dangerous chance the letter was consigned."

The address being in a woman's hand, Adelaide opened the letter. Rudiger, coming home not long afterward over the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is at once confronted by his injured bride, who hisses into his ear the sibilant name of the martyred Sybilla. Rudiger's conscience awakes, he flees into distant realms, wandering by sea and land for many moons, his soul a perfect mass of scoriae and lava, and his language always of the highest class. "Straight on to hell," for example, he says,—

"Straight on to hell the currents drift me fast.
In hell I will not deign to mingle with
Those coward fiends who cast the blame of their
Denunciation on their Maker. I will sit
Apart, a solitary demon, while
My great crime and my moanless fortitude
Shall give me lofty place there;"

for he ever was a deep-browed votary of ambition, and when he cannot serve as Indian agent and eventual Secretary of the Interior, he very naturally feels like annexing himself to Tophet, and doubling the area of that kingdom. He comes out of this bad frame of mind, however, for one night at sea, when

"The torpid moon hung green and livid in
A mouldy cloud, as in a festering shroud,"

a tall man comes on deck from the ladies' saloon, and boldly accosts the wretched wanderer, shrinking not from his fearful language nor his brow of doom. He goes back to Adelaide, who has ceased to be haughty, and seems to have become a sort of a nun—at any rate, she is constant in attendance at church—but she does not see her way clear to live with Rudiger, unless he can say that he loves her more than he loves the phantom Sybilla. This, of course, he cannot do. Sybilla holds his heart, and he for ever goes away from Washington in the employ of the American Society for Foreign Missions. In short, "The Votary" is delightfully silly; not stupid merely and dull, but redolent of extreme youth and many thrilling romances; and Mr. Hewett is to be congratulated and envied as the gentleman who, having reached the age of twenty—we judge of this point by his literary skill—yet is endowed

with all the toploftical sentiment and all the pleasing vacuity of thought of thirteen years of age. We sincerely advise our readers to purchase and peruse his poem.

A work of a very different class is "Ellen," a brief poem which is written in Spenserian verse, and which, in other less obvious characteristics of its style, is even absurdly Elizabethan. But it is full of thought, and it is by no means empty of genuine poetry. Briefly told, the story of it is this: A young man finds himself at night in one of the parlors of a house occupied by women of the town. Led thither by a friend who has imposed upon his ignorance, Horatio is filled first with disgust and then with pity for the wretched inmates of the dwelling. In one of the rooms he finds Ellen. His presence, which breathes chivalry and manly purity, recalls this unfortunate to her better self. She rises up and goes away with him into the street without a word, is cared for by some good women, and is at last taken home to her parents. The poem seems to be founded on an incident that actually occurred, and though on account of the very great involution of the style, the not infrequent refining subtlety of the thought, the word-hunting, and the wasteful and ridiculous excess of imagery, it is almost all of it hard enough reading, there are some really fine things in it, which must have been written by some one not only of a good heart but of true spiritual insight. If, as we take it, the author is a young writer, we think a good deal may fairly be expected from him. But he will have to give up the use of his borrowed style. These following stanzas must be read with more attention than is given to most contemporary poetry, but, on the other hand, they are worth reading. They describe Horatio's presence and its effects in the midst of "that friendless company":

"And those banned, lonesome lost ones, they were saved,
A moment saved. A moment their soul-ache
Stopt beating, when the woman new was lav'd
By the resurging spirit, as in a lake
Of soft absolving light, and thoughts that raved
Around infected prison-walls, now take
Repose,—stilled in that manly presence pure,—
And tune themselves, again serene, secure."

"E'en in the most unsexed of all, whom years
Had more and more in fleshly bands enwrap,
Through smeary eyelids, long unwashed by tears,
A light (chaos with primal day-beam capt)
Strange glistened in the unhallowed lap of leers,
A soft maternal light inaptly apt,
Ray from a blessing that had failed to bless,
Sole flower in a hot weedy wilderness."

"In younger days she lost an infant boy,
And the dead babe had grown within her mind
(Angel asleep mid sensual tumult's joy),
Until by such mute secret nurture kind
He came to manhood, so without alloy
She seemed in this fine form her child to find:
And when Horatio touched with grief she saw
She trembled, and her heart stood still for awe."

"Horatio's heart grew faint with tears."

Of Mrs. Gage we are unwilling to speak. We prefer to be severe with our readers and in place of criticism give them these few lines. The whole book is like these:

"To-day the sun shines fair,
And on the air
The warmth of almost everyday life is borne
And tree and shrub are shorn
Of all their glittering brightness.
The white clouds float in lightness,
And the glad heart is radiant in the glo
Of a bright winter day;
And men go to and fro,
Whistling their merriment as if 'twere June,
(How changed the tune!)
They laugh and chat,
And all of that."

And we are entirely unable to see why Mr. White should have printed his book. He knows he never would have thought of publishing it if it had not rhymed; and if it had been his fate to be aware of the enormous amount of equally well rhymed matter that is issued yearly from the press, it must be that a man of his excellent intentions would have refused to add another thin duodecimo to the heap.

SWINTON'S TWELVE DECISIVE BATTLES.*

MR. SWINTON'S "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac" is a book of great value, but it hardly fulfilled the expectations that were raised when it became known that he was engaged upon it. It was and is the best book in existence upon its subject, but it was not so good as it ought to have been. With all its various merits it was disfigured by partiality, while the superior weight which it showed its author inclined to give to all statements

* "The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War: A History of the Eastern and Western Campaigns, in relation to the Actions that Decided their Issue. By William Swinton, author of 'Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.'" New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 1867.

made to him by Southern soldiers, discredited it in no small degree for the use of those who believed that Southerners were apt to be somewhat unscrupulous in giving their testimony whenever a question as to the comparative prowess of North and South was involved. His "Twelve Decisive Battles of the War" is a book of unequal merit, but on the whole we are inclined to regard it as quite superior to its predecessor. It is comparatively free from most of the graver faults of that volume, it shows equal research and at least equal skill in the use of materials, and, though it has many defects of style, it is in many parts a book of intense and absorbing interest.

The preface declares that the book is designed more for popular than professional instruction, and states the author's opinion that the proper rule of judgment to follow in selecting from the throng of battles those which may be pronounced decisive, is "to choose such as settle the fate of campaigns, the possession of great strategic points, the capture or dispersion of armies, the success or defeat of grand invasions, and, in brief, such battles as, though not final upon the war itself, were final upon the successive stages through which the war was fated to pass." Mr. Swinton admits the probability of a difference of opinion as to the correctness of his selection. In our judgment he has been extremely successful in it. There seems to be no room to doubt as to eight of the battles which he has chosen for description. There is more room for question when he inserts the names of Vicksburg, the Wilderness, Atlanta, and Five Forks in his list of decisive battles. The first was a siege, the issue of which may be said to have been rendered certain before it was formed by the successes gained by Grant against Pemberton in the field, and Mr. Swinton admits that it is doubtful whether the operations of the siege "hastened the final *dénouement* by a single day." The Wilderness seems to us to have been in no sense a decisive battle, and, according to the author's own reasoning, it was rather the fact that Grant went forward after it, than anything in the battle itself, that caused him to give this battle a place in his volume. Atlanta was the prize of a campaign of four months, counting from the time when Sherman commenced his march from Chattanooga, and was not gained by the sharp battles fought before the city. The victory at Five Forks was brilliant and complete, but the question whether if that battle had never been fought Lee could have succeeded in forming a junction with Johnson is too large for discussion here. But such speculations as these are for the student and not for the mass of readers.

The tone of the book is satisfactory. The writer appears to have been in a much better humor when he wrote it than while he was at work upon the "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac." His treatment of prominent officers is more impartial and more just, in our judgment, as a rule, than that of his former work, and the few lines in which he speaks of Sickles's great mistake at Gettysburg are a model of candor and moderation. Our fallen natures cannot but feel a satisfaction when we read of General Halleck as "exercising, for the country's sins, the functions of general-in-chief;" and to those who have studied the military history of General Burnside with attention it is no matter of surprise to find his command described as "passing the day (of the battle of the Wilderness) in a fruitless course of peripatetics through the woods." His portraits of Sherman and Thomas are elaborate and most interesting. With fewer and lighter but artistic strokes he delineates the military character of Rosecrans, and he does not fail to do justice to the sterling services of Buell, the man who turned the defeat of Grant's army at Pittsburg Landing into a victory for the North.

It is easy to find elsewhere as good or better material for studying the battles of Bull Run, the Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Atlanta, and Five Forks than is contained in this book; but we do not know where else to look for descriptions of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Murfreesboro', Vicksburg, and Nashville so good in matter and manner. The author's plan of dividing each sketch into three sections, which he calls the prelude, the battle, and the results, is excellent, and possesses all the merit which he claims for it, namely, that it enables him to explain the train of events which led up to each battle and the circumstances under which it was fought, to describe the battle itself and to show what it accomplished or failed to accomplish, and to introduce a continuous thread of description, running from the beginning to the end of the war, whereon are strung its twelve decisive battles. The chapters which have pleased us most are those on Shiloh, Murfreesboro', the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, and Nashville.

The book contains many striking sentences and paragraphs, which want of space alone forbids us to quote. The description of the manner in which "Grant's army woke to the battle of Shiloh" is fine, though a little stilted, and a single sentence concludes, with effect, the description of the first day's terrible fighting: "Then night and rain fell on the field of Shiloh." This is Homeric in its simplicity, and the picture is perfect. The

whole prelude to Hampton Roads; the paragraph in relation to the fine conduct of Reynolds at Gettysburg, on p. 233; the description of the advance of Pickett's division, on p. 343; the paragraphs which introduce the description of the campaign of Atlanta, on pp. 404-5; the account of the commencement of Sherman's march to the sea, on p. 436; the sketch of Schofield's battle of Franklin, on pp. 447-8, and of the first assault upon Overton's knob in front of Nashville, on p. 463, are all noteworthy as striking passages. The first two pages of the prelude to Five Forks, pp. 478-80, are a good specimen of sustained eloquence. Rapidly reviewing the events which led to the concentration of the great armies of North and South in and near the "historic campaigning-ground" of Virginia, the author, in one ringing sentence, announces the appearance on the scene of the great army of the Mississippi, and, sketching its triumphant history from the beginning, brings it forward to the time when its long marches were nearly over, so that "when the doomed Confederate armies, compassed in fatal toils, looked southerly for an outlet of escape, there came rolling across the plains of the Carolinas, beating nearer and nearer, the drums of Champion Hills and Shiloh."

There is very much to praise in all Mr. Swinton's writings. He collects his material with industry and uses it with skill. He has been much with the army, which in itself gives him great advantages for writing of it, and he seems to have a good theoretical knowledge of the art of war. He is a clear, forcible, and dramatic writer. Unfortunately, we do not know just how much confidence to repose in his accuracy. We give him the credit of taking pains to be correct; but he is certainly sometimes inaccurate, sometimes careless, and he sometimes exaggerates excessively. Thus he says, "The light of day, the 17th of September, broke with tender beauty over the lovely valley of the Antietam." The truth is that it was a dark, dismal, lowering morning, though the sun came out bright by half-past ten or eleven o'clock. His account of the experiences of Sedgwick's division of Sumner's corps at the battle of the Antietam is all awry, and he has either entirely misunderstood the statement of General McLaws in regard to it, or that officer himself is all wrong in what he says. We speak that which we do know, and testify that which we have seen. Again, in one place he declares that the capture of Fort Donelson "carried forward the whole Union front of war two hundred miles." A few pages later, speaking of the fall of the same place, he says, "the recoil was slight." He always speaks of Gettysburg as being in Western Pennsylvania. We find more fault with him for his exaggerated statements of the condition of the Union army after it had been defeated under Pope. He says that at that time the "broken fragments of two Union armies lay on the Potomac like the stranded wreck of a noble fleet;" that "the broken battalions of the once proud Union army reeled and staggered back to the fortifications of Washington," and speaks of it as a "shapeless mass" and a "panic-stricken mob." This would be in bad taste if it were true; but it is not true. It is the grossest exaggeration, and unpardonable at this late date. Such statements have been too often made, and too seldom contradicted. The truth is that the rear-guard, posted near the crest of a slope running across from the Centreville pike to and beyond the Little River pike, in advance of Fairfax Court House, saw the Army of Virginia and the Army of the Potomac pass by in retreat. There was no disorder, no confusion, no unseemly haste. The position of the rear-guard was maintained without molestation from the enemy until well into the forenoon of the 3d of September, 1862, and for a long time after no troops, not even cavalry outposts, were left in their front. Then they received the order to withdraw as quietly as possible, and they moved to the rear in good order. They found the village of Fairfax Court House occupied in considerable force. In front of it, in a line across the road, were twelve guns in battery, and on the left of this line of artillery was a large body of cavalry, massed in the shade of a cleared wood, the troopers all mounted and sitting steadily in their saddles, and looking workmanlike. Everything was quiet, orderly, and as it should be. Far on the right, as one faced toward the enemy, near the Vienna road, was a very solid-looking force, no doubt intended to protect the army against a continuation of Jackson's movements by the left flank. The troopers moved on in good order, and took up the positions that were assigned them, near and in front of the works covering Washington. Though few men living, probably, can speak with authority of the condition of every part of the army, there are plenty who know that there were many divisions and thousands of men who were not demoralized, and perfectly ready to fight stubbornly in defence of Washington, had the enemy advanced upon them there. Such misstatements as those we have noticed seriously impair the confidence of the reader in other statements of the author as to events that took place on a more distant theatre, and as to which accurate knowledge is not easily attainable.

Mr. Swinton's reputation is high and his books are readable, so that it is necessary to examine his writings with more care than that bestowed on the works of authors of less merit. He might perhaps make himself the first writer on military subjects in America; but to attain that position he will certainly have to use more simplicity of style and a little more careful scrutiny and weighing of his authorities in the composition of books which are so valuable and interesting as his "Twelve Decisive Battles of the War."

Nature and Life: Sermons by Robert Collyer, pastor of Unity Church, Chicago. (Boston: Horace B. Fuller; Chicago: John R. Walsh. 1867.)—The intrinsic interest of this volume would be very much enhanced were it preceded by a short sketch of the author's life. Throughout his own denomination his story is so generally known that such a sketch was probably considered needless by his publishers. They would have done well, however, to take for granted that this volume of sermons, which might better be called a volume of poems, will go outside the Unitarian denomination. For though incidentally it touches upon most of the disputed points among the sects, and sufficiently identifies its author with the radical wing of his own sect, yet the broad humanity of the writer, his ready sympathy, his recognition of the superiority of true religion over all its forms, and last, but not least, the poetic quality of his thought, bespeak for him a hearing with all earnest men. As much as Mr. Beecher, he belongs to all the sects. His style is perfectly original, sometimes at the expense of clearness and precision. He is evidently a man of wide reading, but it is men rather than their ideas that delight him. He has a keen eye for the sources of character. His handling of the Bible will doubtless be considered very free, but it is also truly reverent. He humanizes everything that he touches, and the men and women of the Bible as they move across his pages are just as real as those we meet in business and society. To some extent the book is autobiographical, but, though often speaking of himself, these references will always bear the touchstone of good taste. Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1823, the son of honest laborers, spending six years in a factory and twelve more at the blacksmith's forge, then coming to this country and for nine years more still working at his trade; going to Chicago in 1859 as minister-at-large and soon making his mission into a large and prosperous society, his experience has been necessarily broad and rich, and some of the best fruits of it are reported in this little book. He is at the present time, beyond a doubt, the most popular preacher of his sect, and this, too, without stooping to any of the tricks by which popularity is often bought, and without having any of the graces of the orator. A delicious humor runs through everything he says. The plan of his sermons is very simple. They consist every one of them of a dilemma and its solution. The statement of the dilemma generally occupies more space than the solution. This, too, is perhaps a fault. But it is one that is atoned for by the refreshing and consoling views of life that characterize the volume as a whole. By the way, we recommend Mr. Collyer when he quotes poetry not to quote from his unaided memory, which, apparently, is treacherous, but to have recourse to the originals.

Lectures on the Nature of Spirit and of Man as a Spiritual Being. By Chauncy Giles, minister of the New Jerusalem Church. (New York: Published by the General Convention of the New Jerusalem.)—The writings of Swedenborg are so voluminous that many persons who would like to know something about what he believed are deterred by the apparent hopelessness of the task. To read carefully all that he ever wrote would take full as long if not longer than it took him to compose it. And though by any compilation or second-hand knowledge of him we doubtless lose much of the aroma of his thought, yet, all things considered, the general public ought to be very grateful for succinct and definite statements of his views. In this handsome volume of 200 pages Mr. Giles has given such a statement of one branch of his master's thought, and that the most characteristic. He has brought eminent ability to his task. His style is clear and forcible; he does not seem to doubt what those do who doubt nothing else, that brevity is the soul of wit. The topics discussed are the nature of spirit and the spiritual world, the death, resurrection, and judgment of man, his preparation for his final home, his state in heaven and in hell. The leading thoughts are Swedenborg's, but nothing more. No appeal is made to the authority either of the Bible or the Swede. The attempt throughout is to prove that certain leading thoughts have intrinsic probability and reason on their side. The discussion is conducted in the best possible spirit. It may fail to convince any one who is not convinced already, but it cannot fail to interest any person who has ever thought upon these strange,

intoxicating themes. The author's style, out of kindness perhaps to the uninitiated, is much less technical than the style of the New Jerusalem generally.

Bible Teachings in Nature. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, author of "First Forms of Vegetation." (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.)—The prevailing epidemic among writers is a love of nature and a delight in the discovery of natural laws. Almost every class is more or less infected. Just now the preachers seem to illustrate most forcibly the ravages of the disease. But it is a poor figure that we use for such a noble tendency. It has done great things for art and poetry. It is now doing great things for theology. The writer of these sermons is evidently an enthusiast in physical studies, and has studied them to good advantage. His pages show that he has pushed his investigations a goodly distance into various fields. As the author himself suggests, the book is in two parts. The first eight chapters describe various natural phenomena for the sake of their own beauty; the last seven chapters have a purely typical significance. It will probably be agreed by all that the first chapters are the best, though all the chapters have some degree of interest. And yet as sermons we can hardly think that any of these will rank very high. A sermon is as distinct a sort of composition as a dramatic or a lyric poem, as distinct if not as great a work of art as a statue or a symphony, and these sermons do not answer to the tests by which as such they should be measured. They are terribly overburdened with facts and information. They are all stitched somehow to the Bible; but the stitching makes a very awkward seam. We certainly would not exclude scientific illustration from the pulpit, but we would subordinate it to the religious idea. The scientific feeling is one thing and the religious feeling is another. Mr. Macmillan has apparently much of the first and little of the second. He should have been a botanist or a geologist. His sermons are good; but they indicate that he would have done better service in some other capacity than his present. And we must say that his sermons would be twice as good if they were only half as long.

The Caxtons. A Family Picture. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 1 vol. 16mo. "Globe Edition." (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—"Books that you may carry to the fire and hold readily in your hand," says Dr. Johnson, "are the most useful after all;" at any rate a man likes his favorites for fireside companions, and no doubt the publishers are wise in giving us the standard novelists in cheap and portable form. As regards the judicious combination of cheapness, portability, legibility, and beauty, this "Globe Edition" of Bulwer we think better than any of the many new cheap editions with which the public has recently been made so familiar. To compare it with two of the best known, we should say, in the first place, that it is perhaps not quite so elegant in outward appearance as the Diamond Dickens; but it may almost be read by firelight, and to read the Diamond Dickens at the fireside one needs gas and very good eyes. And the Globe Bulwer, too, is certainly an elegant book; its paper is not thick, but it is fine and of an agreeable tint, the type is large and clear, and the volume is of a very handy size. The Globe Dickens is easily readable, though the paper is necessarily thin, but it is hardly a book that one holds readily in the hand, and it is not so handsome to the eye as the Globe Bulwer. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have every reason, then, to be satisfied with their success in a difficult task. "The Caxtons," the volume before us, contains two good illustrations. The other volumes of the series are advertised to appear at short intervals.

Plutarch on the Delay of the Deity in Punishing the Wicked. Revised edition. With Notes by Professors H. B. Hackett and W. S. Tyler. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—We are extremely glad to welcome a new edition of this work, not only on account of the value of the treatise itself, but also on account of the admirable manner in which the editorial portion of the labor has been performed. For a correct appreciation of what is required for an American text-book to be used by American students at the present time, Professor Tyler's books have always been remarkable, and the present work will, we believe, fully sustain his previous reputation in those respects, as well as that of the distinguished scholar whose name appears with Professor Tyler's upon the title-page. The *Moralia* of Plutarch have hitherto been too much neglected in our American colleges, and we have been much gratified to learn that more attention has been paid to them of late at Cambridge. We hope that this book will prove effective in awakening a permanent interest in writings which in many respects are among the most interesting which have been transmitted to us from antiquity.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE JULY SESSION.

CONGRESS has just afforded, by the sensible view it has taken of the work now before it, a remarkable proof of the advantage members derive from coming in contact with their constituents. As a general rule, the wisdom of the body diminishes in the direct ratio of the length of its session. The longer it deliberates, the more completely it seems to get out of sympathy and communion with the people, and, as might be expected, the bolder and more enterprising it becomes, the more eager for novelties and *coups de théâtre*, the reader not so much to advance but—to borrow a term from Senator Wade's recent happy description of his own mental condition—"to jump forward." The reason of this is not very far to seek. There is only a very small body of men in either House—there is, for that matter, only a very small body in any deliberative assembly in the world—who either act on fixed principles or have any fixed principles to act upon. Their guide in debate as well as in legislation is what they hear of the sentiments of their constituents, and their means of acquiring information on this point are very imperfect. The party organs, which constitute their principal reading, are obliged by the law of their being to speak strongly, to speak, in fact, far more strongly—or perhaps we should rather say violently—than the mass of the party either think or feel. Not one man in a thousand ever rises to the same level of enthusiasm as his newspaper. He doubtless reads the burning "editorial" with satisfaction, and is willing to say amen to the editor's fiercest denunciations or most gorgeous proposals, but he nearly always does so with a secret feeling that somehow he is not himself quite up to the mark—that he does not accept it all in the literal sense of the words, and that he would on the whole regret very much to see the editor rush off and put what he had been saying into practice. The average citizen listens to the bolder stump-speakers in very much the same frame of mind. He applauds, and is a good deal wrought up in the hall while the speaking is going on, but he cools down before he gets home, makes distinctions and modifications and exceptions which would be fatal to a bold, root-and-branch policy. But of all this the Congressman, of course, sees nothing. He reads the speech, sees that the meeting was largely attended, that the applause was loud and frequent, or reads the glowing and "loud-resounding" article, and remembers that the paper in which it appears reaches 70,000 or 100,000 readers, and concludes not unnaturally that every one of them swallows it as gospel, and he then looks round for some bold move which will be worthy of all these brave words.

One might suppose, at first blush, that any errors he might be led into in this way would be corrected by private correspondence, just as we all here at home have to have the notions we form from the newspapers of the state of things at Washington corrected by private letters from intelligent observers on the spot. But in this the member of Congress is also unlucky. The quiet, steady men who compose the bulk of the voters hardly ever write to him, or think of writing to him. He receives, no doubt, an enormous number of letters; but they are generally either from persons who have ends to be served by deluding him, or from excitable, nervous people who feel strongly in politics, and are constantly impelled to lend a hand "in the good work," and can, of course, seldom find anything better to do in aid of it than writing vigorous letters to some senator or representative, generally cheering him on, telling him he cannot go too fast, and describing to him the glow of enthusiasm with which the writer "watches his noble efforts," etc., etc. We suppose there is not a prominent man of either party who has not hundreds of these in his drawer, or would have them if paper were not in such demand for lighting fires and for pulp for the mills. But they are, of course, almost utterly valueless as indications of the drift of public sentiment—how valueless, we might illustrate by the way in which many well-

meaning Congressmen have been deceived by them during the last three or four years.

Perhaps there has been nothing, however, for which the people have given such unmistakable signs of their desire as that the Reconstruction process should be performed thoroughly and once for all; that whatever amount of coercion and violence was necessary for this purpose should be resorted to, but no more. Consequently, all the harsh measures proposed by Mr. Stevens or others, as mere displays of virtuous indignation or merely for the purpose of carrying out a theory of government or of democracy, have all perished untimely. They came up thick as flowers in a clover-field last year and the year before, but they have one by one died out, and their authors have fallen more and more into the background. We mean no disrespect to two able and excellent men for whose honesty and humanity we have the sincerest respect, though we have constantly to differ from them on questions of means, when we say that the contrast between the influence wielded by Messrs. Boutwell and Stevens now and in the winter of 1865-6 is a striking illustration of the small hold which doctrinaires of any school have on the popular mind. Nobody who has during the last year seen anything of the community outside the circle of extreme radical politicians has felt that impeachment or confiscation had the least chance of success or had any popular support. There was something about them both which the average American in his own house never could take to except in some tremendous crisis. We see now, every day more and more, too, that the average American will not, and cannot be persuaded to, make sweeping political or social changes all at once without a good deal of talk about it, and without trying many experiments. It took much time and talking to bring the public up to the level of the Constitutional Amendment, and they refused to go further until the South had rejected it. The present Reconstruction bill is experiment the second, and nothing can be plainer than that until this has been tried and failed the popular sentiment will not sanction the trial of anything else. People feel that in a matter of such moment it is only step by step that they are competent to advance, and that nothing but plain proof of the necessity of the case will justify in the eyes of posterity the momentous precedents which they are now establishing.

All this members of Congress feel in their bones after they have paid a visit to their homes, and they are consequently proof just now against all the arguments of the doctors of the *à priori* system, like Messrs. Stevens and Sumner, who are sure that they know on general principles what ought to be done and who cannot bear the experimental method. We doubt if any member at all in sympathy with the people went back to Washington last week without feeling that the sole object of the July session was the amendment of the Reconstruction process which was determined on last session, and that all attempts to change this process for something else before it had been tried, or to make legislative excursions into the region of finance, or to frame general propositions either in politics or morals, would alarm and disappoint the country. Both Houses accordingly resisted all attempts to launch them on the open sea of general legislation, and are about to confine themselves exclusively to the work of making the Reconstruction act an instrument, as nearly perfect as circumstances will allow, for getting the South into the Union.

We look on this incident, trifling as it may seem in itself, as a most valuable indication of the power and activity of the popular common sense which has so many times saved the country for freedom and humanity—that common sense which, vulgar a quality as it may seem, is the very thing which after all makes constitutional government possible amongst us. Freedom has no warmer friends than *à priori* politicians, but the worst defeats and humiliations she has ever had to undergo have resulted from her trusting to them for safety.

NATURE "AN AGRARIAN."

In addition to the terrible waste of war, and the loss caused by the withdrawal of so many strong hands from their accustomed farm-work, the country has for three years in succession been afflicted with indifferent or actually poor harvests, so that the price of bread and all other necessities of life had risen this spring to threefold its normal figure,

and laborers and mechanics, while receiving extravagant wages, scarcely earned a fair living. Strikes and combinations of laborers and of employers have been frequent, the old battle-cries of "the rich against the poor," and "labor against capital," have again been heard on all sides, and the country has been recently startled by the sudden uprising of the agrarian ghost, at the bidding of Senator Wade, who is reported to have said that property is too unequally divided, and that Congress should find means to remedy the evil. The evil itself is no doubt partly due to the war, partly to ignorant and selfish legislation, but mainly to a succession of poor crops. This latter cause seems likely to be soon removed, for all accounts agree that the country is this year blessed with an abundant harvest. Wheat in the Southern and Central States is harvesting, and everywhere else is safe beyond all but the most extraordinary contingencies. The area planted in all the States is larger than ever before, and the yield promises to be liberal in proportion. The hay crop everywhere is magnificent. Corn, though rather late, in consequence of the cold, wet spring, is looking extremely well, and, under the influence of the favorable weather of the last two weeks, is rapidly making up for lost time. Cotton has had its drawbacks; the corn has this year engaged the planter's first attention, but the breadth of cotton sown is large, its present condition is highly favorable; the rumors of damage have from all quarters, except some of the lowest overflows, been indignantly contradicted; the present labor system is working admirably, and without very decidedly unfavorable weather, the crop promises to be far larger than last year, or indeed any year since 1861. With the exception of a few of the smaller fruits, and some comparatively unimportant products, the same abundance seems to await all the crops in all parts of the country. How is this abundance to affect the people?

The first effect of abundant crops is, of course, to lower the price of the articles harvested. Within the last sixty days flour has declined fully twenty per cent.; wheat, nearly thirty; and corn, nearly forty per cent., and the fall is scarcely begun. Cheap wheat means cheap bread; cheap corn means cheap poultry, cheap pork, cheap eggs; cheap hay means cheap milk, and cheap butcher's meat. All that the people eat declines in price, and the decline is not only prospective, but actual and instantaneous. The decline affects not only the crops about to be harvested, but every portion of former crops remaining unconsumed. The great profits made by dealers and speculators were made by the rise on the stock on hand; the stocks now on hand must be sold at a corresponding loss, and thus the profit is taken from the pocket of the dealer and speculator, and restored to him from whom it first came—the buyer and consumer. This is the way in which Nature forestalls Mr. Wade, and provides for a more equal redistribution of property.

When food is cheap, the laboring man is willing and able to work for lower wages. Hence, with cheap food, all that labor produces declines in price. Manufactured goods, the principal cost of which is labor, decline with the price of food. The stock on hand, produced at high wages, declines at once in anticipation of cheaper future production, and thus out of the savings of his high wages the laborer can buy the manufacturer's costly products as cheaply as if his own wages had always remained at their former low figure. Thus again Nature tends to "agrarianism."

Not only does the labor decline by which manufactured goods are produced, but the raw material from which they are made declines with it. Cotton has fallen thirty per cent. in three months, and is still declining. With the price of cotton the price of all other materials used for clothing must fall likewise, and thus every dollar of unnatural profit made on the rise of cotton and cotton goods, wool and woollen goods, is restored to its rightful owner by the gentle, peaceful pressure of Nature's own agrarian laws. Thus, whatever lowers the price of food, lowers the price of everything produced by labor. Abundant crops make lower prices not only for the articles harvested, but also for manufactured goods of every description; not only for the crops about to be harvested, but for any portion of former crops remaining unconsumed; not only for goods yet to be produced, but for every piece of goods already manufactured that remains unsold. Hence it is safe to say that the general anticipations of a profitable fall trade, based upon the prospect of abundant crops, are not likely to be realized. It seems certain, on the contrary, that the present stocks of goods of most de-

scriptions can only be sold at a loss. Nor are those who anticipate an early fall trade likely to realize their wishes. A probable decline in prices is proverbially prone to delay purchases. The buyers of produce are not likely to be in eager competition for the farmer's crops, and the buyers of merchandise will wait until the manufacturer lowers his prices to the last figure. Thus the ordinary trade of the country is likely to be both late and unprofitable. When business is unprofitable, money-lenders are averse to loan. The capitalist is the most timid of human beings. Safety is with him the first consideration. When merchandise or stocks are declining, the money-lender is unwilling to advance on them, and is afraid to trust those who deal in them. In England, where money is to-day loaned at two per cent. per annum on good security, it is almost impossible to borrow money on cotton, or on the notes of cotton-dealers, because a decline in cotton is generally expected. A somewhat similar state of things is in prospect with us. Already, in some quarters, it is difficult for produce-dealers to borrow the money they need in their business, and this difficulty tends to hasten and increase the decline, which in turn only adds to the caution of the capitalist. The result is, that the capitalist, finding it difficult to lend his money at former rates of interest, will accept a lower rate if the security offered is only good enough, and thus abundant crops make money cheap. And, with money abundant at three or four per cent., what becomes of the cry that capital absorbs too large a share of the profits of labor? Declining wages, cheap materials, cheap capital which seeks a safe investment, induce moneyed men to employ a part of their means in building. Cheap new buildings lower the value of old dear ones, and make rents lower everywhere. Rent is one of the heaviest items of expense to all classes in this country, but proportionately far heavier to the laboring than to any other class.

Although Wall Street thinks differently, railroad and other stocks have likewise to decline under abundant crops. The decline in merchandise, and the consequent difficulty of borrowing money upon it, compel merchants and manufacturers throughout the country to obtain the money necessary for their business and for replacing the loss on their merchandise by selling out all their outside investments and securities. The lateness of the fall trade and the delay in moving the crops will cause great competition among the railroads, low freights, and diminished profits. The prevailing spirit of caution will cause many of the hollow shams of the Street to be thoroughly investigated and exposed. The diminished profits of the merchants reduce the bank deposits, or, in other words, the amount of money that the banks can lend on stocks. The preference which in times of doubt will always be given to Governments will likewise exert a depressing influence on railroad and other securities, and the Stock Exchange is likely to see a decline that few anticipate, and that will tend to distribute again some of those enormous fortunes that excite the jealousy of ignorant men, and furnish the stock in trade of political demagogues. The almost inevitable decline in prices of every single article of merchandise and of every kind of property is Nature's way of equalizing the distribution of wealth without the aid of Congress or of strikes or of co-operative societies.

It is an old story that dear bread makes more revolutions than the direst oppression. Cheap food in all ages has done more for peace and progress than liberty itself. Abundant crops this fall will do as much to reconstruct the South, to allay the labor excitement, to harmonize political differences, and to put down agrarianism, as any number of summer sessions or any variety of reconstruction amendments. Few will object to the negro's voting if he faithfully helps to hoe the corn, and the crop yields enough for both master and man. Who stops to register while the wheat is yearning for the sickle? Will strikes or co-operative societies bring down the price of flour twenty-five per cent. in one month as nature's bounty has done? Who clamors for another's acres while in his own field the corn is growing an inch a night? Who cares for Stanbery's opinion while cotton promises an old-fashioned crop of three million bales? Can the President add a single grain to a single ear of wheat? Will Wendell Phillips's fierce philippics add one boll to the cotton plant? Can Congress secure one day's fair weather to the ripening fruit? Yet they think they rule the world! From all parts of our broad land, from the stony hillsides of New England, made fruitful only by sturdy Puritan labor and Anglo-Saxon inge-

nunity, from the broad prairies of the West, where the bounteous soil asks only for seed-corn and the reapers, from the sunny valleys of the Central States, but recently vexed with din of arms, from the broad alluvial bottoms and dreamy glades of the South, from all parts alike comes one joyous shout of plenty, drowning with unconscious scorn the petty bickerings and broils of statesmen and politicians as the rolling thunder on the Fourth of July might drown the fitful rattle of torpedoes and fire-crackers.

We have, indeed, occasion for rejoicing. Human wisdom has not yet discovered a means of making war weigh alike heavily on rich and poor. Human virtue lags even behind human wisdom. Hence it is not to be denied that war has fallen most heavily upon the poor, that they are most oppressed by the weight of taxation caused by war. But in addition to the loss by war they have had to bear the loss of crops. Nature and man alike have battled against the poor. For six long weary years everything has tended to accumulate property in the hands of the rich. The men of the people who, like Senator Wade, are taught by their vague, untutored instincts "that property is not equally divided," are nearer the truth than their opponents think. But when they seek for the cause of this unequal distribution their instincts fail them, and when in their thoughtlessness they talk of "Congress distributing property more equally," they simply put their feeble shoulders to the chariot-wheel of Providence. The laws that regulate the accumulation or redistribution of property are made by a mightier power than that of Presidents or even president-makers. Of the laws themselves man in his ignorance has only a faint conception; but we do know that the harvest of each year is one of the instruments by which they are executed. For four or five years past the tendency has been in one direction only, but the wave of accumulation has now spent its force, the wave of redistribution has started on its career.

THE FUTURE OF ROYALTY.

THE way in which the coronation of the King of Hungary—one of the most splendid and impressive of the ceremonies bequeathed to the modern world by the Middle Ages—has just been received by the European public; the half-astonished, half-amused air with which the press of all countries has described it, suggest some interesting considerations with regard to the changes which the political as well as industrial movements of the day are working in the prospects of royalty. It has been plain for more than half a century that the permanence and prosperity of kings in Europe depended very much on the success of constitutional monarchy. But it is now generally conceded that constitutional monarchy is not a success. The only country in which it is believed to have succeeded is England, but even there its success has been more apparent than real. Since its establishment there has been only one monarch of fair ability—William III.; and he, and Anne, and the first two Georges, owed the security of their thrones not to the fact that they were constitutional monarchs, but that they kept out the Stuarts. George III. was a constitutional monarch only in name; George IV. reigned by virtue of his father's prestige; so that it may be said that it is only in the case of William IV. and Victoria that the experiment has been fairly tried; and the acutest observers concede that Victoria is one of the last full-blown monarchs England will employ. In the countries which have been tempted by English example into trying it, it has either failed or shown every sign of failing.

All monarchies in the civilized world rest either on the feeling of loyalty or on force. Loyalty is unquestionably a form of superstition which the spread of knowledge and the growth of wealth are killing. The king, as he has come down to us from the Middle Ages, is "the Lord's anointed"—one of a family chosen by God for the work of governing men. His impulses are all noble; he is incapable of meanness, or baseness, or falsehood, and he is blessed with a wisdom far beyond that of other men. He needs counsellors, not because he needs advice, but because he needs to be supplied with facts. Give him the facts, and such is his power of reasoning that he is sure to reach right conclusions. And not only has he been chosen by God for the work of government, but it is very kind and considerate of him to do it.

Nothing must be exacted of him; the word duty, as indicating obligation of any kind toward his fellow-men, is not to be used with regard to him. Consequently, when he discharges any of the functions of his office, or holds even ordinary intercourse with those around him, he is said to have "deigned" to do this, to have been "graciously pleased" to do that. Court etiquette is, in fact, simply the expression of the mediæval feeling of the monarch's quality. It is a mistake to suppose it was deliberately originated for the sake of show or of imposing on the vulgar. It expressed the monarch's own sense, and that of those around him, of the relations in which he stood to the rest of the world, of the immense gulf which separated him from his fellow-beings. Nobody was allowed to ask him a question, or to start a conversation with him, or turn his back on him, or sit down, or wear a hat in his presence. Let him be never so stupid, vicious, depraved, cowardly, and selfish, never so plain in person or diseased in blood or feeble in intellect, he was treated as a superior being; and for ages the most intelligent and enlightened portion of the population of every European country was taught, and firmly believed, that a man was never so well employed as when devoting all his faculties to the service of the king—not simply of the king and country, but of the king personally; the king with the country, if possible, but the king anyhow. The great Chatham, whose "eagle face" and trumpet voice held the House of Lords spell-bound, and who to all the rest of the world was a model of imperiousness, always knelt in transacting business with George III., and was stirred to the depths of his soul by a look or word of royal approbation. Scions of the proudest houses in Europe fill menial positions in kings' households to this day with infinite satisfaction—stand behind their chairs, pick up their pocket-handkerchiefs, help them to dress, and make amusement for them, with a profound sense of the importance and dignity of the work.

Now, as long as the tradition of the "divine right of kings" was unbroken, and they were believed to reign by "the grace of God" and not by charter or the national will, court forms were realities; they were acts of worship, a kind of *dulia*, in which the monarch occupied the place of a saint. But this tradition has been almost completely broken, and the reverence which it sheltered is passing away. In England it is perhaps stronger still than in any other country in Europe, owing partly to the long association of the sovereign in the popular mind with order and good government, and to the smallness of the number of points at which the public comes in contact with him, and partly to the respect of all Anglo-Saxons for rank—a respect so deep and so difficult of eradication that it seems inbred. But on the Continent, owing to the numerous political changes which have been occurring ever since the French Revolution, as well as to the growth of democratic feeling from other causes, it has been steadily decaying for half a century; and whether monarchy can exist after its complete extinction is a problem of which the solution cannot be very far distant.

Perhaps nothing has struck severer blows at it than the great number of sovereigns who have been made to order and put on thrones since 1790—the raw material being, in many cases, ordinary men, with whom the public had been perfectly familiar before their elevation, and about whom it was therefore impossible to raise any effectual illusion; and for this the old sovereigns "by divine right," strange to say, have been mainly responsible. The plan which they have adopted of setting up constitutional monarchies, as a mode of staving off democracy, has been, we venture to assert, a temporary preventive only, and has rendered the ultimate triumph of their great enemy all the more certain. In other words, the old royal houses, such as those of Hapsburg and Romanoff and Brunswick and Savoy and Bourbon, have fancied that when they succeeded in inducing a discontented or rebellious people to accept a new king of their making, who was to reign under a charter, they made their own position all the surer. In reality, they weakened it; the force of monarchy lies not, as they foolishly imagine, in the form of royalty, but in the feeling of loyalty, and for a king newly made there can be no loyalty. Letting the people see a "dynasty" founded by a convention of plenipotentiaries sitting in a carpeted room, with foolscap and steel-pens, and publishing their protocols in the daily papers, is like admitting the faithful to see the priests making preparations for a miracle. Within the present century the world has seen Tom, Dick, and Harry—persons whom it had known

in the streets in shabby clothes, or short of money, or struggling in crowds—crowned and enthroned in Sweden, Belgium, France, Naples, Spain, Holland, Greece, and, last of all, in Mexico, and has seen most of them turned out again and replaced by others.

The effect of this on the popular imagination would perhaps not have been so unfortunate, if some means could have been devised of withholding from the newly-made kings the honors usually paid to the old ones, so as to make a distinction between sovereigns by the grace of God and sovereigns by the popular will; but this was impossible, and would have been opposed violently by the legitimists if the republicans had suggested it. Each newcomer was therefore received with the same ceremonial, and treated with the same outward deference, as if he had come down from the dark ages. But in these days people cannot be successfully imposed on in this way. When you take a young man out of the cafés and billiard rooms, as Louis Napoleon was taken, or out of the ranks of the army, as Bernadotte was taken, and put him in a palace, you cannot, by bowing very low before him, listening to all he says as if it was Solomon who was talking, getting down on one knee to kiss his hands, affecting to look on a note from him as a possession worthy of being bequeathed to your children, or telling the world that he had that morning "deigned" to eat an egg or been "graciously pleased" to put on his coat, or recording as an event of the day his having taken a walk in his own garden, diffuse round him the traditional haze of the old royalty; and what is still more serious, you lessen the strength of the forms for the older monarchs. No legitimist, we may be sure, ever laughs over the etiquette of the Tuileries, without finding his respect for the etiquette of St. James or Schönbrunn diminish, and without hastening the day when the old machinery by which the world has so many ages been held in awe will lose all value for everybody.

There is, in fact, no class of persons against whom the realistic tendencies of the modern world tell with more terrible force than against kings. The great soldier of our day is no longer the dashing warrior like Henry IV. or Cromwell, Gustavus, Montrose, or Rupert, who brought broken squadrons back to the charge, and whose waving plume carried fresh life and courage to every quarter of a stricken field. He is not even "the Man of Destiny," with "cold grey eyes," or "Star," or famous overcoat, like Napoleon, who used to ride along the ranks before and after battle, and discharge speeches of burning eloquence on his enthusiastic grenadiers. He is a silent man, like Moltke, who knows half a dozen languages, seldom speaks in any, is rarely seen, and never recognized on the battle-field, and does most of his work in a business-coat at a writing-table in his office, with maps before him and a telegraph at his elbow. So, also, the judge who used to dress like a bishop, immure himself in his own house, whose "gravity" was proverbial, and who was seldom seen in public except on the bench as the high priest of justice, now goes gayly into society, and flirts and dances and dines out, and behaves like any other man of his age. The clergyman and the doctor have undergone a similar process of disrobing, and now neither expect nor get much of whatever reverence is paid them through the effect of forms on the popular imagination. But then the general and the judge and the clergyman and the doctor are real men doing real work in the world, the results of which every man can see or feel. The king stripped of his crown and purple robes, and seated in a common arm-chair, is, on the other hand, the most helpless of men. Everybody remembers Thackeray's amusing picture of the contrast between Louis XIV. "got up" for the day and the same personage in his night-clothes stepping into bed. The modern monarch, by the "national will," has the world at his toilet, and it knows exactly how much of his splendor and dignity he owes to the rouge-pot, the tailor, the barber, and the dentist. He wields power, to be sure, but only a little, and can only wield it through the instrumentality of plain generals and statesmen, whom everybody sees in the streets and meets at dinner.

How long the attempt will be kept up to palm him off on the world as a superior being, by the aid of etiquette, it is hard to say, but we doubt if in the most civilized countries it will be kept up very much longer. Etiquette once gone, he becomes in form as in fact a "chief magistrate," like our own respected "head of the nation," and will have to work for his living, cut down his expenses, and may even be

reduced so far as to have to make stump speeches and attend Masonic celebrations. The saying with which the Bonaparte family are in the habit of consoling themselves, and on which they rest their hopes of founding a long-lived dynasty—"le premier des rois fut un soldat heureux"—was, they seem to forget, uttered of a period in which kings found no difficulty in veiling themselves in mystery. Hugh Capet or Rudolph of Hapsburg was not dogged by "special correspondents;" he had not to live under the awful scrutiny of the editorial eye; his biography did not appear in a million "enterprising sheets" the day after he mounted the throne, and his levees were not thronged by "practical men" appraising his clothes and furniture, and comparing them with the things they had at home themselves; he was not surrounded by a swarm of mockers and critics, occupied day after day in analyzing his motives and proving or disproving the necessity of his existence.

IN THE MEADOW.

IDLE, and half in love with idleness,
Caught in the network that my oak-tree weaves
Of light and shadow with his thrilling leaves,
And charmed to hear his easy song no less,—
On the shorn grass I lie, and let the excess
Of summer life seem only summer play,
Even to the farmers working far away,
Where one man lifts and strenuously heaves
A bristly hay-cock up to him who stands
Unsteadily upon the swaying load,
Which, while the shuffling oxen slowly pass,
Touched into wakefulness by voice and goad,
He shapes and smoothes, and, turning in his hands,
The long fork glistens like a rod of glass.

R. K. WEEKS.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, June 27, 1867.

THE popular fancy, released from the fascination of the Czar's presence, is now running riot in anticipations of the approaching visit of the Sultan and the gifts he is believed to be bringing for the Imperial hosts. At first we heard of a gorgeous necklace for the Empress that was to throw all Western jewellery into the shade; and then we were assured that the Commander of the Faithful would present her with a model, in gold, of the Imperial Kiosk of the Sweet Waters, the trees and flowers being enamelled, the river formed of diamonds, and the tower of rubies, the whole costing two million and a half of francs. Now we are informed that the Sultan has made choice for this visit of presents that will not necessitate any outlay in money, as they are all among his private possessions—for the Empress, an enormous uncut diamond that has been among the heirlooms of his predecessors for three centuries; for the Emperor, eleven magnificent horses from the Imperial stables; and for the little Prince, an extensive assortment of toys, trinkets, and other small objects of Turkish make.

Among the other movements growing out of the main gathering of this summer it is in contemplation to organize an "international literary congress," which will hold its preliminary meeting on Sunday next at the Grand Gymnasium, in the Rue des Martyrs, under the presidency of the well-known romance-writer, M. Paul Féval. We are also to have an international congress for the adoption of a unitary system of weights, measures, and money for all Europe, and a number of international gatherings on a smaller scale and for humbler ends. "Professor Sieurmes," too, the great corn-extractor, has established himself here for the season; and the notorious Madame Rachel, who "enamel" the face, bust, and arms of ladies dissatisfied with the complexion Dame Nature has given them, and occasionally sues their astonished husbands for the price of the operation, is also offering her services to the would-be beauties here assembled. It seems that this renowned "improver" of female charms effects her transformations by means of a mixture which she calls "the crystallized dew of Araby," and which imparts an especial fairness and delicacy to the skin. The women who have passed under her hands would strike beholders as being blessed with remarkably fair and smooth complexions, but nothing in their appearance would suggest in the least the suspicion of this fairness being artificially produced. The nature of the operation has never been divulged, but the "enamelling" is warranted to retain its perfection for six years, provided the *enamelée* religiously abstains from the application of water, contenting herself with an occasional dry rubbing of the enamelled "surfaces."

The various places of public amusement are all ambitious of rising "to the height of the situation" created by the presence of "all the world and his wife" in the "metropolis of Europe." Leotard is disputing the palm with the performers at the American Circus; the Porte St. Martin Theatre is reviving the favorite fairy spectacle of the "Biche au Bois," with the introduction of Batty's lions, which are to be brought on the stage in a kind of large cage (to the wires of whose walls the public eye is desired to be a little blind), which will be raised to the stage from its receptacle in the cellars of the establishment by means of complicated and costly mechanism, that seems to be throwing the "enterprising" manager, M. Marc Fournier, into a fever of anxiety and worry. The police, too, alarmed at the idea of a whole company of lions being introduced into a crowded theatre, have been minutely inspecting all the arrangements for the keeping and employment of these formidable brutes; and the public stops amazedly as it passes the hole which has been made in the wall of the theatre to give them air, on hearing the hideous roaring that every now and then startles the street from its propriety.

A musical novelty, particularly interesting to the lovers of Mozart, is to be brought out to-night at the clever little theatre of the Folies Parisiennes—the said novelty being nothing less than a comic operetta called "The Goose of Cairo," left unfinished by the great *maestro*, and just brought into appreciable shape by an accomplished young French musician. It appears that the libretto of "The Goose of Cairo" was accepted by Mozart before he began his immortal "Don Juan," when he was about thirty years of age, and in the full splendor of his power. The poem of "The Goose" was in three acts; and Mozart, in the course of a few weeks, composed the music of the first two acts, when he laid it aside, to devote himself to the composition of "Nozze di Figaro," the libretto of which had meantime been brought to him. "The Goose" was thus left in a corner for a year, during which period the great composer thought only of Cherubino and the Countess. In 1786, the "Nozze" being finished, Mozart was about to resume the composition of "The Goose" when he received the libretto of "Don Giovanni," and "The Goose" was once more laid aside. Four years after the completion of his *chef d'œuvre*, the *maestro*, who seems to have forgotten "The Goose," wrote his Requiem, and passed away, leaving the operetta buffa minus its third act. The manuscript was found among his papers, and a few of its airs have been executed at Prague, in concerts. But no musician would venture to take up the unfinished work of the great artist, and "The Goose" has remained unknown to the public for the last eighty years. The French composer who is now bringing it out, having found it on a recent tour in Germany, among other relics of Mozart, in the hands of one of his heirs, and being delighted with the beauty and brilliance of the music, has cleverly cut down the libretto, so as to reduce it to two acts instead of three, has adapted the music to the shorter poem thus obtained, and has brought the work to a triumphant completion without changing or adding a single note. The new operetta opens with a very beautiful quatuor and ends with a splendid septuor with chorus, the entire music being sparkling, graceful, melodious, and *savant*; a musical *bijou* of the first water, every way worthy of its composer's fame.

Byron's old flame, the Countess Guiccioli, now the widow of the late eccentric senator, the Marquis de Boissy, is just bringing out a volume of the poet's unpublished letters, edited by M. de Lamartine, whose state of health seems to indicate his being near the close of his earthly career; and our great culinary high-priest, whose *menus* have been studied daily by all France, for two years past, has now cut his connection with the *Liberté* and the *Figaro*, and is about to issue a daily paper, to be called *Le Baron Brisse*, and devoted exclusively to the teaching of the culinary art, as adapted to all classes, from the millionaire to the humblest possessor of any thing cookable.

Fine Arts.

THE HARVARD AND YALE MEMORIAL BUILDINGS.

WITHIN the past year designs have been adopted, by the Committees of Alumni of Harvard and Yale Colleges appointed for the purpose, for the buildings to be erected in memory and honor of the graduates and students who fell in the cause of the country during the late rebellion; large sums have been subscribed for the building, and building committees have been appointed to direct the works. At Cambridge it is intended that the Memorial Hall should include a monumental antechamber, a great dining hall for public occasions, and a theatre for academic assemblies. At New Haven the building is to serve as the College Chapel, and the

design provides ample and appropriate spaces devoted to memorials of those who sacrificed their lives for the life of the nation. Each of the designs adopted is the work of skilful and educated architects, each has merit and dignity, and each fairly enough represents the highest level of architectural art in our country.

As yet neither building is begun; the plans are still in some measure provisional, the details and working drawings of neither have been elaborated, and some time may elapse before the corner-stone of either will be laid. We propose, therefore, to take advantage of this pause, to submit to those having the buildings in charge some general considerations which seem to us worthy of attention, and some special reasons why neither of the plans ought to be executed without serious modification of the original designs. We do this the more readily because those who are most interested in these buildings are the men of highest culture in our community, and consequently are fitted to recognize the force of considerations which the mass of the public is not sufficiently educated to appreciate at their full weight.

In erecting buildings which are to stand permanently as memorials of our respect and honor for our dead brethren, we are bound not only to build worthily of their dear memory and of our own grateful and tender reverence for them, but also with reference to the effect of the edifices upon the hearts and imaginations of the future generations of youth who will gather within them, and who will pass some of the most critical years of their lives under the shadow of their walls. There are few buildings in any country, or of any age, whose function is more important than that of these will be, or whose effect is more impressive than that of these should be. To fulfil their object perfectly, or as perfectly as is possible with the resources at our command, these buildings should be alike beautiful in every part, and absolutely thorough in execution. They should be entire works of art and honesty. They are to commemorate the love of ideal beauty, and utter devotion to the truth; and in order fitly to commemorate this beauty and this truth, they must represent these qualities in construction and design.

Not a single building exists at present in America which embodies such thought and imagination as to make it of any great worth to the present or future generations. Architecture properly understood and properly practised is one of the most effective agencies in the development of the faculties of man. A great and noble building is the material representative and expression of great and noble thought, imagination, and moral sense. It is a work of genius embodied in a form in which it appeals directly to the eye, and through the eye to the moral sensibilities. Its object is not merely to afford a shelter, but to delight, to elevate, and to purify men. It gives dignity to life not only by its own fitness and beauty, but as a visible monument connecting the past with the present, gaining with every year new associations which add to its effect upon the heart, and by degrees invest it with an almost sacred interest and influence. Like a poem which becomes more beautiful with every repetition, until at length familiarity with it brings it into special relations with the innermost spirit, so time and age give to a building of poetic character a peculiar power, of subtle yet intense force over the imagination and the feelings.

Our colleges are now utterly destitute of noble architecture; they have not one building fitted to awake any deep emotion, except of weariness or disgust; they have not one around which the associations of youth may cluster with delight, or to which the memory of age may return with fondness. They have not one fitted to evoke those faculties of the soul to which it is the object of art to minister; and while professing to be institutions for the training of our young men in all good learning, they have hitherto neglected to equip themselves with means, than which there are none more effective, for the culture of those sympathies and associations which fine architecture is fitted to evoke, and which enlarge, illustrate, and dignify the lessons drawn from books.

There is now an opportunity in our two great colleges to supply, at least in some measure, this defect. But the opportunity may easily be lost, and will certainly be lost, unless those who are called upon to make use of it enter upon their work with a very different sense of the worth of art in education, of the preciousness, the difficulty and rarity of fine architecture, and of the means requisite to obtain it, from that which generally prevails in our country. We may see only another miserable and ambitious failure—failure worse than ordinary because the object to be achieved was higher.

If the Harvard and Yale memorial buildings are to be erected precisely in accordance with the designs now adopted, if they are to be built by contract, and to be completed in a brief term of years, it would be better that they should not be built at all.

The design for the Harvard Hall shows ingenuity, skill in adaptation and

combination, but is wholly defective in that unity and simplicity of organization which is the first requisite of great architecture, and displays little originality of conception or depth of feeling. It would be a big building rather than a great one. But it is unfair to pronounce upon it with a judgment formed from the photograph or engraving of the drawing presented by the architects, and the design ought perhaps rather to be regarded as intended as a general suggestion of the construction deemed desirable, than as a completed and final plan. Moreover, it is to be considered that there were special difficulties to be overcome in the combination of the three portions of the building, and that the architects and the committee rightly devoted themselves at first to obtaining a practicable solution of this main problem. There is, we think, nothing in the design as it now stands to prevent its receiving such essential modifications as may make it serve a good purpose at the beginning of the work.

The design for the Yale College Chapel is happier in its general conception, and possesses the merits of unity of motive and simplicity of organization. Its parts combine to make a tolerably harmonious whole. But the design lacks in variety and abundance of thought and imagination. There is little to distinguish it as a work of original creative power. It is a careful and elaborate construction—a work of intelligence rather than of genius. It has no place in history, as showing the development of the art of architecture. It is, like most of the best Gothic churches of the present day, an ingenious adaptation of old forms to modern uses and requirements.

The Cambridge building will be much the more costly of the two; but to build either of these buildings as well as they might be built, even supposing the work to be done by contract and in a short time, would require at least twice as much money as it is now contemplated to spend upon it. The fund for the Harvard Memorial Hall amounts, we believe, to between \$250,000 and \$300,000—a very large sum; certainly, but by no means enough to make the proposed building what it ought to be. As we wrote long ago, in speaking on the general subject of monuments, "every memorial building must be rich and ornamental, and even profusely decorated, and it must be built to last for ever. A plain building, well fitted to its purpose, and intelligently designed, such as would make a good alumni hall, would not serve for a memorial. There must be the evidences of lavish expense of money, all well spent, indeed, but also *freely* spent; of beauty sought for itself, and ornament loved for its own sake, and used to dignify the building." The Yale Chapel is intended to cost \$150,000. But this sum will not suffice to give it the character which such a building should possess.

Every stone of a memorial hall should bear evidence of its purpose of honor; every stone should be the object of solicitous care, and should receive every desirable adornment. There should be no expense spared either in material or in the use made of the material so far as the ends of art may be served. Every feature of the building should show that patient, inventive, and imaginative thought had been bestowed upon it, and that all the labor needed for its beauty or its strength had been given it. The buildings, to be worthy of commemorating the men whom they are designed to honor, and of celebrating the cause for which these fought and fell—to be worthy of the freedom and the arts of America, and of the great institutions of learning of which they are to be the central edifices, must take rank with the noblest buildings in the world, with those in which other people in other times have expressed their faith, their aspiration, and their highest character.

But to accomplish this, these buildings are not to be put up by contract, nor to be completed in the lifetime of a single generation. If the alumni of Harvard and of Yale are wise, if they possess the large spirit which comes from free and generous culture, they will not hasten to push to an end the great work which has now fallen to their hands. It is a work on which the labor, the wealth, and the genius of a half-century may well be expended. The conception of a great building is one that grows slowly and attains perfection but by degrees, even in the mind of the architect himself. The chief cathedrals of Europe, with which these memorial buildings should be compared, were often a hundred years or more in building. If the architects of the Harvard Hall and the Yale Chapel could but be assured that their designs were to be carried out on the amplest scale, that the work was to demand a lifetime of devotion, that their love for and knowledge of their art and their own personal genius were to find a satisfactory field of exercise, and a reward proportioned to the greatest prizes of professional life—we may be certain that the defects now obvious in their plans will be remedied, that new beauties will be revealed, and new excellence developed. They will be inspired to design and carry on a monument worthy not only of their own highest capacity, but worthy of a regenerated people, and expressive of noblest moods and attainments.

Let these memorial buildings, to which so many of the holiest associations will belong and which may be so precious to all future generations, be built slowly, thoughtfully, lavishly. So only shall we build them better than we know; so only shall we make them worthy of the beloved dead whom they are intended to commemorate.

Correspondence.

A WOMAN IN REPLY TO DR. LIEBER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are two ways in which an argument may be convincing, especially when supported by the authority of an eminent name—in leading men by its force to adopt the conclusions it advocates, or by its weakness inducing them to see what is to be said for the other side of the question. The views of Prof. Francis Lieber on the much-debated question of female suffrage have produced so entirely the latter effect upon me, I found myself when I had finished reading them so much less impressed by the professor's arguments than I should have supposed possible when I began, that I have been led to attempt an examination of objections, which the name of Dr. Lieber justifies one in taking as representative of those brought by intelligent men against the proposed extension of the suffrage.

Professor Lieber begins by denying *in toto* the truth of the theory that the right of suffrage is a natural right, on the ground that "a natural right cannot mean anything but a right (that is, a well-founded claim) directly proceeding from the very attributes of humanity, the nature of men." He then enumerates the various natural rights—those of life, of property, of education and self-improvement; the right of worshipping; "the right of government—that is, of forming political societies to govern and be governed," etc. etc. "The natural rights," he says, "are always observed, at least in their incipency," and "the denial of them is always met with direct resentment, even in the lowest savage." But the right of voting for a representative stands on a different ground, since "the representative government itself is something that does not spring directly from the nature of man, however natural it may be in another sense of the word—that is to say, consistent with the progress of civilization." The right of suffrage is, therefore, not a natural right, but "a political right, to which Providence has led man in the progressive course of history." What, then, does Professor Lieber mean when he asserts that "the right of government—that is, of forming political societies to govern and be governed," is a natural right, yet declares that the right of each individual to have a voice in reference to the government is not a natural right? This natural right of government, then, in so far as it concerns the individual, is simply a right to be governed, which, indeed, no legislation, from the most ancient times, has ever denied to women. The right of a vote in the government of one's own country seems to me, I must confess, "a right (that is, a well-founded claim) directly proceeding from the very attributes of humanity," requiring only, like other rights, natural and acquired, the qualification of some guarantee of a reasonable capacity to exercise it. I agree entirely with Professor Lieber, that the conceptions "that no qualification whatever—neither residence, nor acquaintance with our polity or language, nor untarnished character, nor interest in the commonwealth—should be demanded as a requisite for the right of voting," are "erroneous conceptions;" but it is not to women who do not vote in the State of New York, but to a large number of the men who do, that these disqualifications apply, and they are, therefore, foreign to our subject.

Professor Lieber next sums up, as follows, the grounds on which the extension of the suffrage to women is claimed:

"Withholding suffrage from the women is a degradation of the female sex.

"If she cannot vote, she is not represented.

"Giving the right of voting to the latter would highly improve and even refine our elections, and not unwoman the woman.

"Lastly: Why not? Why should they not vote like ourselves? Are they worse than man?"

He then proceeds with a paragraph of generally received and quite unexceptionable statements as to the gradual improvement effected by the progress of civilization in the social position of women, the heroism displayed by the women of America in the late war, etc., but in the next paragraph we find an argument in answer to the theory that "withholding suffrage from the women is a degradation to the female sex." This, he says, is so far from being the case, that "not accepting the votes from women is as little degradation to woman as women are degraded in those monarchies

in which no princess can ascend the throne, or, we may say, indeed, as she is degraded in England, because she can there ascend the throne only when no brothers of her, even younger than herself, are left to assume the crown. It is a political law which regulates the succession, and no degradation ensues." That is, the *general* theory of women's political position cannot be a degradation to the sex, because it is *no more* degrading than certain *special* applications of the same theory—an argument of which I confess I do not quite see the force, and which looks to me a little like begging the question.

Dr. Lieber next states that "division of labor, as political economists call the very foundation of our whole economy, begins with the division of the sexes, and expands forth as a physiological and psychological division and distribution of employment, pursuit, and social relations." Very true, but why does the conclusion, that "according to this distribution the political occupation ought not to be assumed by women," necessarily follow from this premise? Suppose an Indian to adopt Dr. Lieber's argument, might he not draw, with equal satisfaction to himself, the Indian conclusion that, as "division of labor begins with the division of the sexes," therefore, men being physically fitted for adventurous occupation, hunting and war, all other work, all that is tiresome, degrading, uninteresting, falls naturally to women? Is not the latter argument as logical as the former, the former consequently as illogical as the latter, though more agreeable to civilized notions? The real argument in Dr. Lieber's mind seems to me simply this: "The division of labor begins with the division of the sexes," including in this division a right on the part of *men* to draw the division line where they please, and to declare that because Providence has undoubtedly drawn the line somewhere, therefore the real line must be where *their* enlightenment or convenience leads them to think they see it. But it is in the next paragraph that the eminent professor develops most fully this line of argument, and rises to a strain of warning quite pathetic in its solemnity. "The destiny of the woman," he tells us, "is to rely, to be protected, to harmonize in society with her attractions, both physical and psychological, the jarring elements brought by men from the sterner and not unfrequently coarser pursuits of practical life;" "she exercises, and ought to exercise, much of her beneficial influence by her delicacy and modesty, and her legitimate influence in the proper sphere would be lost were she to enter the arena of politics." "Politics would undoubtedly unwoman her, and her essential character and desirable, nay, necessary, influence would be lost." Truly a fearful prospect! and what a sense it gives one of the value of these political privileges of which women are deprived! We knew already, on the authority of Artemus Ward, that the earth goes round the sun "subject to the constitution of the United States," but it was reserved for Professor Lieber to bring before us the startling fact that a change in the constitution of the State of New York can suspend the action of the eternal law of Providence which regulates the distinction of sex. I had always supposed that one of the peculiarities of an eternal law was a power of asserting and maintaining itself, human legislation to the contrary notwithstanding; it has even occurred to me that to put men and women on a footing of absolute social equality (and without political equality complete social equality is impossible) might be the surest, and indeed the only, way to give full play to the natural distinction between the sexes, and to that very system of mutual support and influence which Professor Lieber cannot believe in more earnestly than I do; but in the face of such an overwhelming prospect for the Empire State, to say nothing of the laws of Providence, I can but turn to some less alarming aspect of the question.

"Is she to vote by mere impulse and feeling, or is she to visit public meetings? Who wishes this of his own mother, his wife, his sister, or his daughter?" Does Dr. Lieber consider the latter appeal an argument, even supposing it to be true? The question is one of justice and expediency if it is anything, and the natural prejudices of the majority against any innovation are not very strong ground on which to argue it. "How would we like," says the professor, "to have a female President, and what would it lead to?" Heaven only knows! but it is to be hoped, in view of such a contingency in the dim future, to nothing worse than we have been led to already of late years by a male one. Dr. Lieber assures us that, "female monarchs, owing to their peculiar position, sometimes form exceptions" to his general rule, else the reigns of Elizabeth in England, of Catherine II. in Russia, of Maria Theresa in Austria, might have tended to reassure us in view of this threatening, though distant, peril.

The remaining paragraphs are devoted to a still further elaboration of the professor's views as to the effect of the suffrage on the feminine character, with the usual argument that women cannot be considered unrepresented because most of them have male relatives who enjoy the privilege of a vote. Far be it from me to desire a change by which women "would be

infallibly contaminated." But is it not just possible, seeing the experiment has never yet been tried, that the influence of women on politics might be as great as the influence of politics on women? Is it not just possible that a little influence from politics might be beneficial to woman herself? Is a voice in the government of one's own country necessarily so undesirable a privilege that its effects can only be compared to "those produced in women who enjoy the turf or speculate at the Bourse in Paris?" The argument that women are in fact represented at present, is as absurd as it is untrue, since no class can ever be really represented by another, and the distinction between the sexes forms a distinction of class which no strength of family ties can do away with, but it has nevertheless a certain truth at the bottom of it in this great fact of feminine influence over the lords of creation. Admitting, for the sake of the argument, that women are through this influence as fully represented as men, though less directly, can there be a stronger ground for the extension of the suffrage? The political influence of women, without it, is power without the sense of responsibility, without which no class can safely be entrusted with it, and since the existence of women and their influence over the minds of men are indubitable and inevitable facts, is it not safer for men, for the country, for the progress of civilization, that women should be taught by the privilege of the ballot that they, no less than men, are responsible for the rational use of whatever power Providence has placed in their hands?

I would merely add that this subject is one which, until recently, has been a matter of profound indifference to me; but having in the last few years heard and read various arguments for and against the proposed change, it has seemed to me that all those in favor of it had a rational argument in them, while those on the other side, though urged, as in the present instance, by men whose opinions are entitled to respect, were mere illogical appeals to the prejudices and theories which the received state of things naturally produces and maintains. Such arguments as those of Dr. Lieber remind me so forcibly of the ineffectual clucking of a hen whose brood of ducks are just taking to the water for the first time, that I cannot but suspect that as ducks can swim, so women may be able to vote, without injury.

A WOMAN.

COLLEGE DEGREES AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that the essential vice of our college system of education is not exactly expressed by your words, "the democratic principle of giving the same degree on graduation to the highest and the lowest scholars." For all practical purposes the commencement list, on which are printed the names of the graduating class in the order of their rank in scholarship, supplies the place of degrees of different grades. The diploma itself is, of course, never referred to after graduation except as affording proof that some one whose scholarship was of the lowest order has succeeded in "getting through" college.

The "democratic principle" which governs our colleges aims at forcing the greatest possible amount of study out of a given number of students; to secure which result the recitations and examinations are adapted to the capacities of the lowest rather than of the highest scholars. Hence the student of better parts and more thorough preparation than the majority of his classmates, is subjected to the almost intolerable tedium of hearing lessons which he has well learned blundered and stumbled through with for three hours each day; and on entering the examinations is discouraged by finding the same papers set before him as before those who can have acquired, or should, under a proper system of instruction, have acquired, a far less amount of knowledge. Hence many promising scholars, lacking the iron patience to labor with regularity and diligence in what is to them a treadmill routine, take to desultory reading or to cultivating their rhetorical powers, to which latter course the unfortunately high value placed by our undergraduates upon "literary" honors, as they are called, is a peculiar temptation. The main strength of our college instructors is given not to aiding those who wish to study, either from a desire to obtain knowledge or from ambitious motives, but to forcing intellectual discipline upon those who care for nothing beyond a certificate of graduation. This is obviously unjust to the most capable and conscientious scholars, who certainly have a claim to the best services of their instructors.

Now, if there were no other remedy for this evil than the adoption of the elective system, this course would, probably, be far preferable to the present one. But the arguments brought forward against this system by President Woolsey, in his article in *The New Englander* of October last, in reply to Dr. Hedge's address, are difficult to answer. Most young men of eighteen or nineteen are not competent to choose their own studies.

Could not, then, the desired result be attained by a division of the college class into several different grades, and having different recitations, or at least different examination papers, for those of each grade? It would then be understood that those who have attained the highest rank as scholars have not only recited a certain number of lessons with greater accuracy than their classmates, but have passed over more ground and secured greater

acquisitions. And many who, under the present system, are upon leaving college poor scholars and indifferent rhetoricians, would, if some such change were made, become excellent students, and probably in future life more accomplished and efficient writers.

Yours,

DELTA.

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37	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	2,500
36	Thomas J. Willard,	Portland, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
23	Edwin H. Rand,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
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24	Eden P. Foster,	Jackson, Mich.,	Jeweller,	2,100
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40	Charles Lins,	Ashland, Pa.,	Druggist,	3,000
27	Francis Fischer,	Louisville, Ky.,	Hatter,	5,000
26	Zeno Kelly,	West Barnstable, Mass.,	Master Mariner,	1,500
42	Julius Helmann,	New York, N. Y.,	Carriage Maker,	2,000
49	George Draper,	New York, N. Y.,	Clothing Merchant,	2,000
26	Philander M. Chase,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Milkman,	2,000
43	Henry Fishback,	Carlinville, Ill.,	Merchant,	3,000
22	A. C. Sutherland,	Detroit, Mich.,	Book-keeper,	1,800
30	Charles E. Poole,	Pittston, Pa.,	Coal Agent,	2,500
39	Emanuel W. Mace,	Chicago, Ill.,	Cigar Manufacturer,	2,000
37	Robert Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Stone Cutter,	2,000
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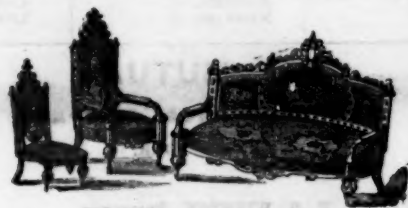
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